#00766

"Enjoy yourself -- every day above ground is a good day."

ANONYMOUS, MIAMI 1981

#00766

Century

SCARFACE by OLIVER STONE

1 A PROLOGUE 1

crawls up the screen -- with Narrator.

NARRATOR
In May 1980, Fidel Castro -- in an effort to normalize relations with the Carter Administration -- opened the harbor at Mariel, Cuba with the apparent intention of letting some of his people join their relatives in the United States. Within seventy-two hours, 3,000 U.S. boats were headed for Cuba. In the next few weeks, it became evident that Castro was forcing the boat owners to carry back with them not only their relatives but the dregs of his jail population. By the time the port was closed 125,000 'Marielitos' had landed in Florida. An estimated 25,000 had criminal records. This is the story of that minority -- those they call 'Los Bandidos.'

The prologue is shredded diagonally by the blade of a stilleto and in the empty black void we:

CUT TO

Opening Montage - Documentary Footage:

2 THE DISEMBARKATION 2

from the harbor in Mariel, Cuba. Vessels of every nature, waving masses, demonstrations....

3 THE CROSSING 3

Sun and storm.

4 THE LANDING - KEY WEST 4

The flag of the United States. Choppers swooping over the ragged coastline of the Keys. Emerald waters dotted with fishing trawlers and pleasure craft, an "America the Beautiful" -type Immigration theme surging over 'this.

5 THE PROCESSING 5

Long lines. Immigration and Nationalization Officials, customs, Public Health, FBI, Church and Relief Organizations. Babies bawling, arguments over paperwork, refugees being interviewed by TV news, people crying, people eating, families huddled on floors...chaos.

The music theme continuing in stately calm as we:

CUT TO

6 and 7 INT. OFFICE - PROCESSING HALL - AFTERNOON - A FULL CLOSEUP OF TONY MONTANA 6 and 7

the scar-faced one, in the young angry prime of his life. We dwell first on the scar which he likes to scratch now and then. We move to the eyes, pure in their fury. Finally we encompass the face -- the face of a man about to explode -- muscle, tissue, brain -- a man willing to live *or* die and on the increment of a moment, inflict or receive either one. He is clothed in rags crossed with holes, his shoes broken cardboard, his hair unkempt, his complexion sallow from prison.

Over this:

VOICE #1 (o.s.)
Okay so what do you call yourself?

VOICE #2 (o.s.)
Como se llama?

MONTANA
Tony Montana...you? (X)

VOICE #1
Where'd you learn to speak the English, Tony?

MONTANA
My old man -- he was American. Sailor. Bum. I always know, y'know, one day I gonna come to America. I see all the movies.... (X)

VOICE #1
So where's your old man now?

MONTANA
He's dead. He died. Somewhere....

VOICE #1
Mother?

TONY
She's dead too.

CONTINUED .

6 and 7 CONTINUED 6 and 7

VOICE #2
What kind of work you do in Cuba, Tony?

TONY
This. That. The Army. Some construction work....

VOICE #2
Un hunh. Got any family in the States, Tony? Cousins, brother-in-law?

TONY
(a beat)
NO. Nobody. Everybody's dead.

MAN #I
Y'ever been in jail, Tony?

TONY
Me jail? No way.

We now reveal three men in civilian clothing in the dark afternoon light of the little room. Actually it's a plywood office somewhere in the processing hall and we hear the din from the hall over the question and answer. Two of the men sit around a desk, the Third Man stands in a corner, staring at Tony, the most authoritative-looking of the three.

MAN #1
(checking off a list)
You been in a mental hospital, Tony?

TONY
(grinning)
Yeah, in the boat coming over.

MAN #1
How 'bout homosexuality, Tony? You. like men, y'like to dress up like a woman?

TONY
(to Man #2)
Never tried it. What the fuck's wrong with this guy, what's he think I am? (X)

MAN #2
Just answer the questions, Tony.

The voices of the men remain cool and collected throughout.

CONTINUED

6 and 7 CONTINUED - 2

6 and 7

TONY
(to Man #1)
Fuck no.

MAN #1
Arrested? Vagrancy? Marijuana?

TONY
NO. ..NO. Never. Nothing.

His eye movements are rapid (over shoulders, sides, doors) and he does a lot of touching -- objects -- lightly with the tips of the fingers. Man #3 is stepping forward out of the shadows.

MAN #3
So where'd you get the beauty scar?

TONY
This?..
(scratching the scar, shrugs)
I was a kid. You should see the other kid.
(a grim chuckle)

MAN #3
And this?

He holds up Tony's hand and indicates the tattoo between the thumb and second finger -- a heart with the word "Madre" scaled through it.

T O N Y
Oh that was for my sweetheart.

MAN #3
Sweetheart?
(to the other men)
We been seeing more and more of these. It's some kinda code these guys used in the can. Pitchfork means an assassin or something. This one's new...You want to tell us, Montana or you want to take a little trip to the detention center?

TONY
Hey, so I was in the can once for buying dollars. Big deal.

CONTINUED

6 and 7 CONTINUED - 3

MAN #3
That's pretty funny, Tony.

TONY
Some Canadian tourist....

MAN #3
What'd you mug him first? Get him outta here!
(starts to walk out)

TONY
Hey, so I fuck Castro, what's it to you? You a Communist or something? How would you like it they tell you all the time what to think, what to do, you wanna be like a sheep, like everybody else. Baa baa? Puta! You want a stoolie on every block? You wanna work eight hours a day and you never own nothing? I ate octopus three times a day, fucking octopus is coming out my ears, fuckin' Russian shoes are eating through my feet. Whaddaya want? You want me to stay there? Hey, I'm no little whore, I'm no stinking thief! I'm Tony Montana and I'm a political prisoner here from Cuba and I want my fucking 'Human Rights' just like President Jimmy Carter says, okay?...

Silence. it falls There's a certain eloquence to the man's plea but on disbelieving ears. One of them chuckles.

MAN #1
Carter should see this human right. He's good. He's very good. What do you say Harry? (X)

MAN #3
(walking out)
I.. 'Freedomtown.' Let them take a look at him. A long look.

CONTINUED

6 and 7 CONTINUED - 4

TONY
Hey, that's okay, too, Harry. No hard feelings.

Man #3 at the door stops, looks back.

TONY
Send me here, send me there. This. That. Nothing you can do to me Harry, Castro didn't do -- nothing....

That taunting smile on Tony's lips as, to the music of the immigration theme, we:

DISSOLVE TO

7-A INT. FEDERAL BUS - HOUR LATER 7-P

The bus is packed with the harder-looking refugee-types. The windows are caged and we see INS guards. The noise level is high, like a sack of monkeys.

Manny (Manolo) Ribera's got his feet up on an empty seat. (X) He's big, strong, handsome, with dashing darkly feminine eyes -- younger than Tony, and dapper in his cheap clothing. He's eating a Baby Ruth candy bar.

MANNY
Seat's taken.

TONY
So I'll sit in your lap.

Tony pushes his feet off, sits. He takes the Baby Ruth out of Manny's hand, peels out the bar of chocolate, then returns the empty wrapper to Manny.

TONY
So what'd you tell them?

MANNY
I told them what you told me to tell them. I told them I was in sanitation in Cuba.

TONY
I didn't tell you sanitation. I told you to tell them you was in a sanitarium, not sanitation.

The bus pulling out now.

CONTINUED

7-A CONTINUED 7-A

MANNY
Is that what you told me?..You didn't tell me that.

TONY
You know if you hadn't opened your mouth, they woulda thought you were a horse. I told you to tell them you had TB and was cured.

MANNY
Fuck you Tony....

TONY
You did nothing right. I shoulda left you in Cuba.

7-B EXT. MIAMI FROM BUS - ESTABLISHING SHOT 7-B

of Miami as, to the music of the Immigration theme, we:

DISSOLVE TO

8 INT. TONY'S TENT - FREEDOMTOWN - NIGHT (SIX MONTHS LATER) 8

A movie projector...

...the face of Bogart -- unshaven, paranoid. *We're* watching a badly damaged 16 mm print of The Treasure of the Sierra Madre. It's near the end of the film and he's alone, talking to himself just before the bandits get him....

The rag-tag audience is noisily yammering back at the screen, the camera moving past Manny Ray, chewing gum, hair slicked, eyes in cat-like repose...to Tony, enrapt, eyes like an eleven year old, mouth hanging open.

BOGART
Conscience. Conscience. What a thing. If you believe you've got a conscience, 'it'll pester you to death. But if you don't believe you've got one, what can it do to you? Makes me sick so much talking and fussing about nonsense. Time to go to sleep.
(closes his eyes but not for long)

CUT TO

9 INT. TENT - LATER THAT NIGHT 9

Tony is moving down 23rd Street, the walk proud and jungle in the rock of the hips and the cast of the shoulders -- now accompanied by his handsome compadre, **Manny**

TONY
That **Bogart, chico, hunh?**

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED 9

MANNY
Fucking crazy, hunh!

TONY
That gold dust blowing in the wind. Y'see Manny, he's always looking over his shoulder. Hunh? Like me....

He hunches, darting exaggerated looks over his shoulder, imitating Bogart. Manny laughs. In his black shirt with zig-zag dots and colors and the baggy pants and sunglasses, Tony's starting to look American. He's even got himself a pop button pinned to his shirt that says "Fuck Off and Die." And hi6 English rolls faster off his tongue, his confidence more pronounced.

TONY
...don't trust nobody.

MANNY
Yeah all that gold, hunh -- I guess you get 60 crazy you never trust nobody no more.

TONY
Never happen to me, chico. That's one thing I never gonna be. I never gonna be crazy like that.

MANNY
Yeah, how do you know....

TONY
I know.

MANNY
I don't know. Sometime6 you crazy, too, Tony.

TONY
Assholes, I go crazy. You Manny, I never go crazy with you. You're like my brother, I love you!

MANNY
Yeah, sure.

TONY
Hey, c'mon.

Tony playfully punches Manny and they walk on into the humid night, intersecting a young punk, Chi-Chi.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED - 2 9

CHI-CHI
(to Manny; Spanish)
Hey Manny.

MANNY
Oye Chi-Chi, what's going down.

CHI-CHI
Usual shit. Want some peanuts? Pogo's carrying tonight.

MANNY
I don't know, I get all fucked up on it....

CHI-CHI
Want some new snatch? A pussycat name of Yolanda just rolled onto the Boulevard ---

MANNY
Oh yeah, what she look like?

CHI-CHI
She look like you 'cept she got a snatch.

MANNY
A real snatch?

CHI-CHI
You're not kidding. It talks.

As they chatter, Tony moves on with a movement of the head for Manny. "Later."

He's in the middle of the "Boulevard" where a bustling black market in toiletries, clothing, cigarettes, and transvestites is conducted nightly in the harsh glare of barrack neon.

He ambles past a bunch of young guys throwing a Frisbee, past a "Viva Carter!" proclamation in graffiti....

TRANSVESTITE
(passing)
What about you sugar -- you wanna party?

TONY
(passing her)
Yeah with whose cock, honey?

CUT TO

10 EXT. FREEDOMTOWN GROUNDS - NIGHT 10

Tony, five minutes later, in a phone booth, in the middle of a bank of them, dozens of Marielietos pressing to get in, trying still to contact somebody -- anybody -- on the outside.

Tony is dialing, his eyes shifting down to the telephone number written in pencil on the back of a snapshot. As he finishes the number, he flips the snapshot over and we see a young girl, about thirteen years old, dark, tiny, fiery, standing together with a dog and Tony, early twenties, in shadow, the fringes of the photo heavily tattered with handling. Tony stares at it, his mind drifting as the phone *rings* in a distant place. A brief moment of repose we have not yet seen in Tony.

Someone picks up the phone. An older woman's Voice. His expression alters to uncertainty.

VOICE
Yes?..Hello?..Who is this?

Tony changes his mind, hangs up. Pause. The faces of those in line peer in, the next party raps on the door, but Tony ignores it, slips the snapshot back into the wallet in his pants, then at his own pace, exits the phone booth.

He walks a few beats, his eyes pensive. Then recognizes somebody in another phone booth and goes over.

Angel Frenandez has got the face of one, as he argues on the phone, then hangs up, a desolate look on his face, a worn phone book in his hand.

TONY
Angel, how ya doin'?

ANGEL
You know how many goddamn Fernandezes are living in fucking Union City? And I gotta call every fucking one of 'em to find my brother!

TONY
(in passing)
Don't waste your dime, chico. You know *your* brother hates you.

ANGEL
Go fuck yourself, Tony.

Manny catches up to Tony.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED 10

TONY
Whatcha hanging around with that hustler for?

MANNY
Hey Chi-Chi's okay, he hears things,

TONY
What's he hear I don't hear.

Angel comes over, listens.

MANNY
He hears we got problems. Immigration is having these hearings, y' know? And they're saying nine out of ten of us is gonna get shipped back!

TONY
Oh yeah?

MANNY
Yeah. And a lotta shit just went down at Indiantown Gap. In Pennsylvania. Riots, fires, broken heads.. .things are gonna pop here.

TONY
Shit, I coulda told you that.

MANNY
Yeah, so what do you think the immigration's gonna do when we riot? You think they're gonna let us out? They're gonna *throw* away the key, that's what.

ANGEL
Oh shit! What's I say. This is gonna end bad, muchachos....

TONY
Hey, I tell you guys this isn't Cuba here, this is the United States. They got nothing but lawyers here. We're on the television. We're in the newspapers. Whatta they gonna do -- ship us back to Cuba? Castro -- he don't want us. Nobody no place wants us so whatta they gonna do -- put us in a gas chamber so all the people can see? They're stuck with us, chico -- they gotta let us go!

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED - 2 10 (X)

MANNY
Yeah, well, what if we gotta sit here another six months, hunh?

TONY
You worry too much, mi hermano. Like the man says, 'when you got 'em by the balls, their hearts and minds gonna follow' -- hunh?

Tony winks and walks off.

The radio is playing hard rock, something like Blondie or Benatar from the stoop of a nearby barrack. Tony loves the sound and swings into it, snapping his fingers and rolling his hips like Presley. He back-peddles, smiling at Manny and Angel.

TONY
(in awful imitation)
'Oh yeah America! Love-to love you baby, oh yeah!'

CUT TO

11 EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DAY - TWO WEEKS LATER

Camera on Tony shuffling and feinting a soccer ball in a impromtu game; he's covered with sweat, tires a fancy mo around a younger kid who not only steals the ball away f him but manages to lay him flat on his face.

TONY
(lying there)
Aw fuck....

The game, leaving him behind, shifts downfield.

MANNY
Oye! Tony! C'mon!

Manny, just arrived at the edge of the field, waves him o

Tony, getting up, brushing himself off, walks off the fie towards him.

ANGEL
(at a distance)
Hey Tony where ya going?

TONY
I got better-things to do.

ANGEL
Chicken liver, hunh?

TONY
(to Manny)
Yeah?

MANNY
(looking around)
Let's walk.

They walk.

MANNY
You ready for the good news, cono?

TONY
Yeah.

MANNY
We can be outta here in thirty days. Not only that. We got a green card and a job in Miami! Hunh? We're made, chico, we're made?

TONY
Yeah, whadda we gotta do, go to Cuba and hit the Beard or what?

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED 12

Angel is walking towards them. Tony signals him.

MANNY
(shakes his head)
Forget it. Oh yeah -- there's a hundred greenbacks in it, For both of us.

TONY
(enthusiastic)
Hey you're kidding, that's great! But **Manny, you** tell your guys Angel gets out with us.

As Rebenga, in **long-lensed** closeup, nervously smokes a cigarette, eyes roving as the guard examines his papers.

CUT TO

13 MONTAGE - THE RIOT - FREEDOMTOWN - DAY 13

The visuals are swift, dispassionate and documentary-like. The refugees storm the barbed wire at the main gate, carrying bricks and wooden slats.

ALL
(in unison)
Libertad! Libertad!

14 NATIONAL GUARDSMEN AND STATE POLICE 14

form ranks outside.

15 REFUGEES 15

flee through a hole in the fence.

16 GUARDS 16

move on them, wielding clubs.

17 SEVERAL REFUGEES 17

are scooting down a highway.

18 POLICE DOGS 18

on chains are glimpsed.

19 REFUGEES 19

throw stones and debris from the rooftop of a barrack.

20 REBENGA 20

a cigarette in his mouth, nervously hurries into a barrack.

21 ANGEL 21

tracks him, signals....

22 INSIDE - REFUGEES 22

are pulling apart their beds, going for the wooden slats. Others set fire to their mattresses.

23 THE POLICE AND GUARDS 23

are moving through the gates, restoring order. Loudspeakers blast. Injured refugees lie bleeding on the grounds.

24 AN ENTIREBARRACK 24

now goes up in flames.

25 INSIDE THE BARRACK 25

A bewildered Emilio Rebenga grabs his papers and valuables.

Manny runs up on him.

Rebenga sees him, senses danger, flees down the aisle with his satchel, intersecting other panicked refugees.

Manny follows.

Rebenga stumbles into a bed frame, shatters his glasses, then runs on. Into the smoke and flame. Out of which Scarface now appears -- in his killing wrath.

TONY
Rebenga!

Rebenga snaps to the sound of the voice.

TONY
(Spanish)
From the friends you fucked!

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED 25

The work is fast. The stiletto punches nine quick holes in his lungs and his heart.. .And the figure of death is gone.

.. .And Emilio Rebenga staggers wildly in the smoke, uncomprehending eyes encased in broken glasses Sinking out of frame.

26 EXT. FREEDOMTOWN - DAY 26

The riot is over. The grounds are still, smoke and debris the aftermath.

DISSOLVE TO

27 INT. PROCESSING ROOM - DAY - A MONTH LATER 27

An Immigration Officer passes a sheaf of documents across a desk into a pair of hands. The camera gliding along a Green Card pinned to the top of the stack.

It says "ANTHONY MONTANA" and it has picture and stamps. It's official, as the camera moves with triumphant immigration theme music to the face of Mr. Montana examining quite contentedly the rewards of his efforts.

End of montage. Music continues.

DISSOLVE TO

27-A EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - SUNNY DAY 27-A

The new Miami is rising ubiquitously above Biscayne Bay, the camera moving past blossoming skyscrapers, workmen, huge cranes, glass, mirrors booming upwards into a beautiful blue Florida sky, fleeced with perfectly white clouds.. .past a giant billboard:

HOW ABOUT A MILLION DOLLAR LOAN?
COME TALK TO US...
AT THE BANCO DE MIAMI...
TODAY!

Past banks of glass (Caribank, Banco de Venezuela, Amerifirst)....

Insert a car sticker going by with the image of the American flag and the reminder: "Will the last American leaving Miami please bring flag?"

Tony and Manny bop along the street in their hand-me-down clothes, oogling the chicas and the bodegas (in a plush modern area of Miami). Boats. Buildings. Cars.

CONTINUED

27-A CONTINUED 27-A

TONY
(looking around)
Boy -- can you believe this place, Chico?

MANNY
(Spanish)
Man, they weren't kidding around.

TONY
(pointing to a little old man walking towards them)
See that old guy over there?

MANNY
Yeah.

TONY
Millionaire.

MANNY
How do you know?

TONY
Go over there. Ask him gimme some money. He'll give you the silver right outta his pants -- that's America man, that's what they do here.

MANNY
(almost believing)
Yeah? Hey Tony catch this tomato.
(adjusting his pants)
Ooooh baby doll...(*SEE NOTE)

A hot Cuban girl in heels comes down the sidewalk towards them with a female friend. (*SEE NOTE)

TONY
Hey baby what you say? (*SEE NOTE)

She looks at him like he was the last thing in the world she'd say anything to.

CONTINUED

27-A CONTINUED - 2 27-A

Tony *waves* her off, then changes his mind and runs up behind her and throws up her skirt and peeks at her ass. Before she can react, he hops away laughing as the two Cuban girls ad-lib Spanish expletives at him.

MANNY
Bey that's not cool, man. You wanna score one of these chicks, watch me. Mira!

He wiggles his tongue up and down, fast like a small whirring motor part, then slips it back into his mouth in the flick of an eye.

TONY
...the fuck was #at?

MANNY
You didn't see it? You weren't looking. Hey you gotta watch for it.

Does it again, quickly; it looks like a baby robin's head peeking out of a nest in his teeth, then it's gone.

TONY
What the hell's that for -- eating bugs? That's disgustin'.

MANNY
You think so hunh? Well you don't know shit 'bout chicks chico. When they see this, they <u>know</u>. They go <u>crazy</u>. They don't resist me.

Does it again. Tony tries but lacks the speed and agility, provoking Manny's laughter. Many double checks himself in a shop window.

MANNY
(doing it again)
Takes practice, mi sangre, but they just love it when you flop that pussy with it....

TONY
Oooh...cono! How 'bout that one?

Pointing to a tall, cool blonde across the avenue.

MANNY
No problem.

27-B EXT. MIAMI SHOPPING STREET - DAY 27-B

Tony walks right out into the avenue, sticking .out his arm and stopping traffic. Cars honk angrily but he couldn't give a shit.

TONY
Come on?

Manny follows as Tony now moves across the opposite lane, a car screeching to a halt in front of him.

TONY
(points)
Okay Rober Retfor, strut your stuff.

The blonde has paused to look in a shop window.

Manny stops alongside, pretends to look. When he catches her eyes, he flicks his tongue.

She looks at him, confused, then back into the window. Manny look back at Tony, winks, sidles closer to her.

Tony, waiting off to the side, catches the gaze of a somber child, four, toddling along with it's mom. Be makes his own version of a funny face at the kid who looks back at him puzzled. Tony produces another face. The kid now smiles. The mother looks over. Tony shrugs. She smiles and moves along.

Meanwhile, Manny has moved close to the blonde and suggests something, his eyebrows raising, the smile crooked. It takes a moment, then the blonde smacks him across the face and walks away.

Tony walks over to him, mocking.

TONY
Pobre hijo de puta -- you got it all mixed up. This country first you gotta get the money, then you get the power and when you got the power, then you get the women -- and then, chico, you got the world by the balls. Por los conjones.

MANNY
There you go talking bic again man. You don't know shit about the world. Who was it got us the green card, who got us the friends with the connections, hunh -- who's getting

CONTINUED

27-B CONTINUED 27-B

MANNY (Cont'd)
us a job? You or me? Not you man. You lucky you have any friends. You lucky to have me as a friend....

As they walk off, back to camera. (X)

TONY (X)
Yeah, so where's this job?

MANNY (X)
Don't push men, my friends gonna take care of everything.

CUT TO (X)

28 LITTLE HAVANA RESTAURANT - LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT 28

on Southwest 8th Street. "Calle Ocho"....

The parking lot is crammed with Moby Dick-size cars and casual Cubans in sports clothes bunched in conversations around their wheels or at the ice cream stand.

The inside is a brightly lit glitterdome with fancy mirrors and chandelier effects, Spanish in influence, and every table is taken. It combines the social functions of a family restaurant, cafe, tourist haunt and late-night watering hole for various beasts of prey.

The waitresses move like well-oiled troops along the paths to the kitchen, turning the tables at a speedy rate. The camera following past the pots and the pans and the steam and the yelling cooks -- to the deepest, darkest recess of this dungeon....

...To reveal Tony Montana scubbing grease off the pots and Manny Ray washing a stack of dishes. They're filthy and exhausted. A dish slips through Manny's fingers and crashes to the floor. A look between them suffices to tell us all.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED 28

TONY
Your big shot friend better come up with something soon. I didn't come to America to break my fucking back, querido.

MANNY
(equally irritated)
Hey he's coming okay! What do you want?

CUT TO

29 INT./EXT. LITTLE HAVANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT - HOURS LATER 29

we are looking through a cubbyhole at the diners. Young Cuban guys with chiquitas drift in with their fancy clothes, diamonds and -- the mark of status -- large bodyguards. They're out front with the flash, shaking hands with friends, kissing, talking loud, familiar with the waitresses.

Staring through the smeared window enrapt are Tony and Manny, wiping the sweat off their faces *with* towels.

MANNY
Look at that chick man, wow! Look at them knockers.

TONY
Yeah, look at the punk with her. What's he got that I don't got?

MANNY
He's good-looking that's what, look at his clothes, flash chico, pizzaz!.. a litte coke money don't hurt nobody.... (X)

TONY
Junkie! -- They got no fuckin' character.
(looks at his hands)
Cono! Look at these...fucking onions! They outta be picking gold off the streets. (X)

His hands are shriveled white from dishwater.

COOK
(Spanish)
Hey you two, outside! You got company. .

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED 29

MANNY
That's him -- El Mono's here!

TONY
(contemptuous of the name)
El Mono? Shit....

CUT TO

30 EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE LITTLE HAVANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT 30

Omar Suarez (El Mono -- "The Monkey") is so named 'cause he looks like one. Nervous, crooked, darting eyes, feverish intelligence, constantly smoking a cigarette and coughing between words, his face pock-marked and pitted like the moon from an old acne scars, he cuts a skinny figure at the wheel of a big beige Coupe De Ville, idling the motor...with him is Waldo Rojas eating a large foot and a half banana. In contrast he's amiable, heavyset with a receding hairline, flashing a lot of gold when he smiles.

MANNY
(leaning in the window)
Hey Omar, Waldo, como esta...my friend I told you about. Tony Montana.. .Omar Suarez, Waldo Rojas....

Waldo mumbles something indistinct, Omar just stares briefly as Tony hangs back, nodding arrogantly. Omar's eyes move back to Manny.

OMAR
I got something for you.

MANNY
Oh yeah! That's great...What do we gotta do?

OMAR
We gotta unload a boat -- grass, twenty-five tons -- that's what we gotta do. You get five hundred each. (X)

MANNY
Okay!
(to Tony)
See, what'd I tell you.

TONY
You gotta be kidding! Whaddayou think we are -- baggage handlers?

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED 30

Omar looks at him somehwat incredulously as Tony wipes his hands on his greasy apron as he talks.

TONY
...five hundred dollars -- shit! What'd I do for you guys in the slammer, hunh? What was the Rebenga hit -- game of dominoes or somethin'? You're talkin' to important guys here.

MANNY
(shocked)
Hey Tony, c'mon, it's okay Omar, we....

TONY
Shaddup!

Omar sniggers, his eyes shifting to Waldo who shakes his head and laughs.

OMAR
(to Manny only)
So what's it with this dishwasher, chico? Don't he think we coulda gotten some other space cadet to do Rebenga -- cheaper maybe. Fifty bucks?

TONY
(shrugs)
So why didn't you? And who the fuck you calling a dishwasher, I'll wipe *your* monekyshit ass all up and down this Boulevard.

Steps forward. Manny grabs him.

MANNY
Hey! -- Tony, Tony....

In the car, Omar looks over at Waldo.

OMAR
Guy's a lunatic, let's go.

WALDO
What about them Indians --- (X)

The idea crosses Omar's mind, He buys it, somewhat amused.

OMAR
Yeah.. . . (X)

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED - 2 30

OMAR
(back to Tony)
All right, smart ass, you wanna make some big bucks? You know anything about cocaine?

TONY
You kidding.

OMAR
...There's a bunch of Columbians. Flying in Friday. New guys. They say they got two keys for us for openers. Pure coke. In a motel over in Miami Beach. I want you to go over there, and if it's what they say it is, pay 'em and bring it back. You do that, you'll make five grand. (X)

MANNY
(to Tony-)
Hey, that sounds great, Tony....

Tony says nothing.

OMAR
You know how to handle a machine gun?

MANNY
Sure we was in the Amy together.

OMAR
You're gonna need a couple other guys....

MANNY
No problem.

OMAR
Meet me at Hector's bodega Friday at noon. You get the money then. Something happens to the money, pobrecito, and my boss' gonna stick your head up your asses faster'n a rabbit gets fucked. (X)

Throws the remains of his cigarette at their.feet and pulls the Coupe De Ville out of the lot.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED - 3 30

TONY
I'm scared.

MANNY
(relieved)
Tony you're pushin' your luck.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED - 3 30

TONY
(walking away)
You worry too much Manny -- *you' re* gonna get yourself a heart attack *one* of these days.

(catching)
Yeah, so who are these Columbians?

TONY
So what does it matter?

MANNY
So whatcha have that look on for when Omar bring it up?

Tony strips off his greasy apron.

TONY
So nothin'. I just don't like fuckin' Columbians that's what. They're animals!

COOK
(intersecting, Spanish)
Where you greasers going, hunh, I got plenty of plates here.

TONY
Wash 'em yourself. I just retired.

Throws the Cook his apron.

COOK
(Spanish)
What the fuck you gonna do!

TONY
Look after my investments.

CUT TO

31 EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY - MOVING SHOT 31

The somewhat run-down, art-deco cheaper hotels of South Miami Beach. The porches are filled with senior citizens playing cards, reading papers, staring, slowly walking the street.

The ramshackle sedan, jammed with Tony and his gang, rattles past. It's a beaten-up black and blue Monte Carlo, jacked up on its springs with dune buggy threads and needing paint. You'd arrest these guys on sight.

32 INT./EXT. TONY'S CADILLAC - MIAMI BEACH - DAY 32

seen from the inside of the sedan. Tony turns down the salsa beat on the radio, smoking a cigarette tensely. Driving is Manny. In the delapidated backseat are Angel, the baby-faced punk, and Chi-Chi, both from Freedomtown.

Manny, reflecting the tension, whistles a vapid series of notes under his breath as he waits for a light to change.

MANNY
Hey look at that chick, hunh? Lookit those tits man, she's begging *for* it!

At the curb, an old crone hunchbacks her way in front of the teenage chick, who is coming off the beach in a bikini, blocking her off.

CHI-CHI
(looking over)
Whatta you crazy? She's 103 years old.

MANNY
Not her stupido! Her....

Camera revealing the teenager.

TONY
(the light changing)
Drive, willya.

MANNY
(mocking)
Sure, sure. Not to worry, Tony -- You get a heart attack.
(looking in the rearview mirror)
Angel, whatcha wearing the face for?

ANGEL
(tense, making light of it)
Ah, it's okay. I just y'know forgot to make an offering. I was supposed to go by the madrina today.

MANNY
You still going to that cuncha? (X)

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED 32

ANGEL
She knows her shit. She talks to Yemaya and Chango like nobody y'ever heard.

As he talks, Angel fingers a Negrita charm hanging around his neck -- Chango, Cod of *Fire* and Thunder, his black face tilted at a carnal angle. Sharp teeth glinting, his eyes rolling in orgasmic imagery, his head crowned with gold. Many of the Marielitos in the film will be wearing this, also pendants with an eye to ward off the evil spirits, red and white beads, red kerchiefs, black hand charms, silver-bangled bracelets, etc., all relating to their Afro-Catholic spiritualism. (X)

MANNY
(making fun)
Yeah, Chango looking out for us, Angel?

ANGEL
Chango looking out for all the 'bandidos' everywhere. But you gotta pay him his dues, y'know. You gotta let him know you respect him. You don't, Chango -- he gets pissed an'....

TONY
(angry)
Hey, shaddup -- all of ya! I told you before I don't go for that mystical voodoo shit. That's for the old cunchas waving their rooster cocks in some dark alley, There's no gods, there's no Chango -- nowhere! You make your own luck. So shaddup and act like you're in the United States here. (X)

Silence. Through the windshield, the sign of a motel -- THE SUN RAY -- is coming closer. (X)

TONY
Okay, this is it. Pull over across the street.

The motel is coming closer in silence.

TONY
(to Manny)
Money stays in the trunk till I come out and get it. Me. Nobody else. If I'm not out in fifteen minutes, something's wrong. I'm in Room 9. You ready, Angelito?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED • 2 3:

ANGEL
Sure thing.

As Manny pulls the car up, they pull out Ingram Model-10 machine pistol with folding butt and suppressor, ten inches of kill power capable of firing 1100 rounds a minute -- it can be slipped into a man's purse, it's *in vogue.* Tony gettting out, to Angel:

TONY
Let's go....

CUT TO

33 **EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY** 33

Tony and Angel come slowly, gingerly down an exterior corridor to a room marked "9". Nodding to Angel who remains in the stairwell with the Ingram machine pistol, Tony knocks. Pause. (X)

34 **EXT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY** 34

The door's opened casually by an ugly, squat five-foot-four-inch Columbian, "The Toad". He's in his forties, sports shirt hanging over his polyester pants, old acne scars on his face, like Omar; he's good-natured, a nice guy, he smiles.

TOAD
Hey, oye amigo....

Spreading his arms in such a fashion to indicate he's clean.

35 **INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY** 35

Tony, stepping into the conventionally tasteless orange and blue motel room (with heavy blue drapes blocking the windows), spreads his hands in a similar posture inducating he too is not carrying; but this is only symbolic, it's not meant to be a body search.

TONY
(as he steps in)
How you doing amigo...?

The other person in the room is a tough-looking little dark Columbian chick with expressionless eyes, red fingernails, and short boy-cut hair, "The Lizard"; she's tinier than the Toad, about five-two.

The Toad looks around the corridor, eases the door closed.

TONY
(checking out the room)
Mind leaving the door open so my brothers know everything's okay... okay?

Toad shrugs and readjusts, leaving it open a few inches, the conversation clipped and nervous throughout the scene.

TOAD
Sure, no problem... This is Marta.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED 35

TONY
Hello, **Marta.**

She nods woodenly, stays **across** the room. Behind her, the television set is on to the Cable Newswatch. The protagonists intermittently flick their eyes to it, soothing the tension.

TOAD
I'm Hector....

Pause.

TONY
Yeah. **I'm** Tony. **So Omar says you're okay.**

TOAD
***Yeah, Omar's* okay.**

TONY
You know Omar.

TOAD
Omar, yeah, I talk to him on the phone.

TONY
Okay....

TOAD
Okay... so you got the money?

TONY
Yeah, you got the stuff?

TOAD
Sure I got the stuff, but I don't **got it right here with me. I got it close by.**

TONY
Yeah well I don't got it either, I got it close by, too.

TOAD
Where, in the parking lot?

TONY
No. How far's your stuff?

Tony paces back towards, the door casually, to check Angel out.. .The Lizard staring at him.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED - 2 35

TOAD
Not far.

Pause. Everthing seems okay.

TONY
So what do we do, walk in and start over?

TOAD
(change6 subject}
Where you from?

Tony's eyes check out the bathroom.

TONY
What fuckin' difference does **it** make where I'm from?

TOAD
I like to get to know who I do business with.

It's like he's stalling for time. The Lizard has made a **move** somewhere off-center and is now sitting on the bed, **coiled** and always watching.

TONY
You get to know **me** when you start doing business and not **fucking** around, Hector.

TOAD
Hey I'm just a friendly guy, maybe you don't....

TONY
Okay, what's the stall here? **Your** guy late **or** something?

36 INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY 36

There's suddenly **a** door slamming somewhere outside, then commotion.

ANGEL
Tony!

Tony goes for his cheap handgun **when he hears a** frightening **female shriek, like a bird.**

CONTINUED

3 6 CONTINUED 36

LIZARD
(slang Spanish)
Don't! Get up! Now shithead!

She's standing there with a .32 pointed steady at him, the eyes like angry steel. There's no mistaking her ability to shoot.

The Toad pulls a 9mm out of the small of his back, approaches Tony.

Angel is shoved into the room, followed by two more Columbians, "The Kids". They slam the door, both carrying Uzis with silencers, neither of them higher than five-four or older than twenty, with their straight black Indian hair cut across their blank eyes, they look like hungry little pirranha careless about killing, muttering with the Lizard in fast Columbese slang. (X)

As Toad strips the handgun from Tony:

TONY
Frog face, you just fucked up. You steal from me, you're dead.

Toad shrugs, he couldn't care less.

TOAD
Yeah, okay, you gonna give me the cash or am I gonna kill your brother first? 'Fore I kill you?

TONY
Try sticking your head up your ass. See if it fits.

Toad, completing the body search, rips out the stiletto taped to the small of Tony's back. As he mutters something in hard Columbian slang to the two kids who shove Angel into the bathroom, producing strands of thick rope.

Even more worrisome is the chainsaw that the Lizard now pull6 out of the suitcase under the bed. Toad begin6 assembling it as Lizard, still covering Tony with her gun, completes the deadpan process by turning up the volume on the television set. The news, not 50 ironically in Miami, is about a drug-related triple-homicide.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY 37

Chi-Chi sitting at the wheel of the sedan, parked across the street.

Manny paces outside the car, glances.

38 **EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY** 38

A small woman -- the Lizard -- steps out in shadow in the parking lot of the Sun-Ray across the street, looks around, sees nothing, casually goes back in.

39 **EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY** 39

Manny looks at his watch.

CUT TO

40 **INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY** 40

Angel hangs suspended on the ropes from the top of the shower curtain bar, his legs straddling the edge of the bathtub. Toad slaps a tape over his mouth.

Tony, coverd by the two kids, watches from the lip of the bathroom. He bucks angrily but the two kids ram their pistols up against his temple and pin him to the door.

Angel looks at Tony; the eyes between them steady. They're dead and they know it.

Toad, well-prepared, connects a voltage adapter and extension cord.

TOAD
(to Tony)
You watch what happens to *your* friend okay? If you don't want this to happen to you, you get the money.

Lizard reenters the room, shakes her head at the Toad who nods and turns on the whirring machine.

The Toad smiles amiably and angles the chainsaw slowly towards Angel.

The two kids press tight against Tony, guns pointed at his brains...o.c. we know what's happening as we hear the chainsaw and we watch Tony's shock and rage.

Lizard has *no* expression on her face. The machine cuts off.

The Toad steps back from the tub, blood splattered *on* his shirt, examining his first cut like a butcher. He glances at Tony.

TOAD
Now the leg, hunh?

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED 40

A brief glimpse of Angel slumped by one arm like a cow on a strap, streaming blood, eyes conscious and horrified; a terrifying sight. The chainsaw whirrs once more.

CUT TO

41 EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY 41

Manny, definitely suspecting something now, moves with Chi-Chi across the parking lot of the Sun-Ray Motel. They signal and separate.

CUT TO

42 INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY 42

The Toad turns off the chainsaw and steps back, now drenched with Angel's blood, totally unaffected. He looks at Tony.

Tony glances back at him with fury, tears involuntarily dotting his eyes.

TOAD
Okay, my 'caracortada', you can die too. Makes no difference to me.

He nods. The kids shove Tony forward and we glimpse Angel lying hunkered at his feet in the bathtub, in the steam of his blood, piss dead.

CUT TO

43 EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY 43

Manny moves crouched down the exterior corridor, Ingram pistol in hand, past an older couple who pretend not to notice.

At the door of Room 9, Manny waits, listens....

CUT TO

44 INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - 'DAY 44

The kids are starting to strap Tony up to the top of the shower.

The Lizard watches from the lip of the bathroom, impassively.

TOAD
Last chance, carajo?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

Tony, devastated, spits in his face.

TONY
Go fuck yourself.

Toad's eyes narrow meanly.

Kid one slaps the tape across Tony's mouth.

Kid two reaches up to tighten the overhead strap to Tony's wrist.

The Toad turns on his chainsaw when suddenly there's a gunshot from the hall.

45 INT./EXT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY 45

and the door smashes open and Manny barrels through and shoots a surprised Lizard as she raises her pistol. She crashes backwards into the room, wounded. Everything happens very fast now.

Manny is at the lip of the bathroom, he fires and hits kid one, who is turning, in the neck.

Tony, not tied up yet, spins on kid two and smashes the unloosened strap across his face, sending him reeling across the bathroom.

The Toad, chainsaw in hand, slashes at Manny.

Manny fires a burst into him and the Toad crashes backwards.

Manny now spins into a wall, hit in the side.

The Lizard, wounded on her knees, is firing her .32 at him. In b.g., the window simultaneously blows out as Chi-Chi appears *firing* a burst with his Ingram.

In sharp f.g., the Lizard crumples forward on her knees, foaming blood.

Tony, with the tape still stuck across his mouth, smashes kid two, pinned against the blood-stained sink, with the stock of his own Ingram.

In the midst of this, the Toad jumps up, wounded but with hysterical strength, he tears out the motel *room* door gripping the whirring chainsaw in a reflex action.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED 45

Chi-Chi climbing through the window fires at him.

Meanwhile, kid two, with a rattlesnake life in him, produces a knife out of nowhere, just missing Tony's gut by a half-second as Tony dances back, getting a grip on the machine pistol.

He blows kid two away point-blank, putting another ten craters in the mirror of the now-wrecked motel room.

Tony, yelling, whirls after the Toad.

TONY
I got him!

Manny, holding his side, empties his pistol on kid one who is still twitching.

Chi-Chi sees Angel, gags.

CUT TO

46 EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL - DAY 46

The senior citizens, playing Mah-Jorigg on the porch, mutter in astonishment.

As the Toad staggers out into the parking lot, blood flying, chainsaw in hand, moving like a jerky chicken.

Their eyes follow.

As Tony comes out, walking after him deliberately, eyes set in cold fury, machine gun swinging loosely at his side. There's no rush, no fear of the police, getting even is all that counts. He stands behind the Toad.

TONY
(Spanish)
Your'turn, cabron!...

The Toad whips around to the voice, eyes stark with terror.

Tony empties the clip into the Toad, blowing him apart.

The bystanders just stare, stunned by the ferocity. Then an old lady faints.

The Toad's body lying awkwardly arched in the gutter, Tony turns and with a passing disinterested glimpse at his audience, calmly walks back into the motel; the distance and the light sufficient to conceal Tony's possible identification.

CUT TO

47 EXT. **SUN-RAY MOTEL • DAY** 47

Tony intersects Manny, holding his side, with Chi-Chi.

TONY
Manny, you okay?

Manny nods.

TONY
Chi-Chi, get the car. Fast!

CHI-CHI
Si! (X)

48 **INT. TOAD'S MOTEL ROOM** 48

Tony strides into the shambles of Room 9, past the bodies and busted furniture to the suitcase on the bed from which the Lizard pulled the chainsaw. The TV news still plays in the corner.

Inside are several kilo-sized stacks of cocaine.

He shuts the suitcase, exits, stops, looks *in* the bathroom at the corpse of Angel o.c. He goes, stoops, brings Angel's Chango charm into our view, fingers it, tosses it back in the tub. He goes.

CUT TO

49 **EXT. SUN-RAY MOTEL • DAY** 49

Chi-Chi has the sedan waiting in the parking lot. Tony hurries out, jumps in, the car speeding off. (Pisalo hasta la tabla -- Step on it.) (X)

Past the senior citizens who are retreating inside their rooms.

The camera swinging to hold on the blue and black Monte Carlo disappearing into the traffic of the Strip as two cop cars come screaming past them from the opposite direction.

CUT TO

50 **EXT. LITTLE HAVANA RESTAURANT - PHONE BOOTH - DUSK** 50

The booth is in the busy parking lot, Tony on the phone, Chi-Chi and Manny wait in the sedan.

T O N Y
Yeah, bunch of cowboys!..somebody fucked up Omar.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED 50

OMAR' S VOICE
(shaken)
Look, let me check it out right away!

TONY
You do that, Omar, you do that.

OMAR'S VOICE
You got the money?

TONY
Yeah -- and I got the yeyo.

OMAR'S VOICE
You got the yeyo? Bring it here.

TONY
Fuck you. I'm taking it to the boss myself. Not you. Me.

OMAR' s VOICE
Okay, okay. All right. Frank's gonna wanna see you anyway. Look, meet me tonight at Hector's at eight.

TONY
Hey Omar....

OMAR'S VOICE
Yeah?

TONY
That was some pick up you sent us on.

Pause.

OMAR'S VOICE
What's that mean?

Tony hangs up, walks back to the sedan.

CUT TO

51 EXT. LOPEZ CONDO - SOUTH MIAMI - NIGHT 51

on Bricknell Avenue in a swank high-rise district adjacent Coconut Grove and Coral Gables, the hub of South Miami....

The doorman shows Omar, Manny, his. side bandaged, and Tony, carrying the suitcase, through giant glass portals, past seriously armed security cops in the lobby.

52 INT. LOPEZ CONDO - NIGHT 52

A deluxe apartment with the latest in electronic security and surveillance, and a profusion of mirrors and luxury items... and a hefty, Indian-looking bodyguard (Ernie), eyes quietly trained like a Doberman pinscher.

The boss, Frank Lopez, comes down a carpeted corridor, dressed for dinner in an expensive suit and shoes, somewhat preoccupied as he greets Tony, then Manny with a phony effusion of warmth. He's of Cuban-Jewish extraction, now Americanized in a rough and handsome sort of way, on the heavy side, the face going slightly soft, but the eyes and bulk carrying an odor of danger about him.

LOPEZ
How ya doing, Tony? Glad to meet you. How 'bout a drink?

TONY
Mr. Lopez... real pleasure.

LOPEZ
Call me Frank, Tony. Everybody calls me Frank. My Little League team, even the prosecutors 'round town, they all call me Frank.

TONY
Okay Frank.

Frank shakes hands with Manny.

LOPEZ
Howya doing?

MANNY
(awed)
Fine yeah.

TONY
Manny Ray, he was with us on the job.

LOPEZ
(to Manny) (X)
I hear you caught one?

Manny shrugs, works his arm, showing us the wound doesn't bother him too much. (X)

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52
(X)

MANNY
Just the flesh. Went right through.

(X)

LOPEZ
(heading for the bar)
Yeah, Omar here tells me good thing about you boys.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED 52

TONY
(glances at Omar)
Yeah. Omar's terrific.

LOPEZ
Not to mention of course the nice job you guys did for me on that Commie sonufabitch Emilio Rebenga.

TONY
You don't have to mention it. That was fun.

LOPEZ
(smiles, likes the kid's balls)
Scotch? Gin? Rum?

TONY
Gin's fine.

LOPEZ
(pouring)
Yeah, I need a guy with steel in his balls. I need him close to me, a guy like you Tony -- and your compadre here.

TONY
Yeah.. .well.

Still a little overwhelmed by the opulence of the place, his clothes feeling narrow and cheap on him, Tony steps forward and puts the suitcase up on the bar with the gin, which Lopez passes to him, eyeing the suitcase.

TONY
...that's it. That's the two keys. Angel died 'cause of this shit. And here's the money.
(produces the money)
It's my gift to you -- from me. (X)

Pause. Lopez shakes his head, sighs.

LOPEZ
It's too bad about your friend, Tony, if people'd do business the right way, there'd be no fuckups like this....

He glances hard at Omar who squirms.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED - 2 52

Without opening it, Lopez signals the bodyguard who takes the suitcase and the money from under Tony's nose.

LOPEZ
Don't think I don't appreciate this gesture, Tony. You find in this business, you stay loyal you move up and you move up fast. Salud!

They drink the toast. With their eyes.

LOPEZ
Then you find out your biggest headache's not bringing in the stuff but figuring out what to do with all the goddamn cash.
(drinks)

TONY
Yeah, I hope I have that problem some day.

Lopez looks, distracted., down the corridor from which he came, to Ernie, the bodyguard.

LOPEZ
Where the hell's Elvira? Go get her, will you, Ernie?

The big bodyguard exits smoothly.

LOPEZ
(to the others)
The broad spends half her life dressing, the other half undressing.

TONY
I guess you gotta catch her in the middle, hunh?

Lopez laughs.

LOPEZ
Yeah. When she's not looking.- What do you say guys, to a little food?
(finishes his drink at his impatient pace)

TONY
Yeah sure, I could eat a horse.

ERNIE (X)
Here she comes, Mr. Lopez.

53 TONY 53

looks up, his eyes tumbling on the most beautiful blonde he's ever seen. The lady, is coming down the glassed-in elevator, adjusting her $10,000 Yves St. Laurent burgundy dinner dress.

LOPEZ
Oooh sweetheart, you look like a millions bucks.

She doesn't answer, her eyes flicking disinterestedly over Tony and Manny, knowing what the evening's going to be and not too happy about it.

ALTERNATIVE

LOPEZ
Where you been baby, it's ten o'clock, I'm hungry.

ELVIRA
You're always hungry, you should try starving.

Lopez laughs.

LOPEZ
I want you to meet a friend of mine. Tony Montana...Elvira...Manny Ribera.

ELVIRA
Hello.

TONY
Uh...hi.

MANNY
(equally impressed)
Yeah, hi.

ELVIRA
I assume we're going to be a fivesome. Where are we having dinner?

FRANK
Oh, I thought we'd eat at the Babylon.

ELVIRA
Again? If anyone wanted to assassinate you, you wouldn't be too hard to find.

FRANK
(coming toward her, laughing)
Me? Who'd want to kill me? I got nothing but friends.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED 53

ELVIRA
You never know, do you? Maybe the catcher on your Little League team.

Neatly avoiding his intended smooch, she slips by him towards the door, her throat flashing a $20,000 strip of jewelry. (X)

ELVIRA
Come on, Frank, let's go.

Tracking a cool, polished hauteur, she exits the apartment.

Lopez, after a pause, snaps at his men.

LOPEZ
Okay, let's go.

CUT TO

54 EXT. THE BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT 54

We know this is no workingman's dive when Lopez piles them out of his Rolls, and the carhops are moving Bugattis, Lamberghinis and Corniches in a long snaking line down the driveway. Single girls in high-collared silver lame jumpsuits with cinched waists, prowl like big glistening tents back and forth across the entry doors, rich young coiffed playboys in their Porsches honking their horns in appreciation. Brain drain.

55 INT. BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT 55

The interior is built like three or four plush apartments that run together on three separate levels with imaginative angles, mirrors, swimming pool, bars, twenty-piece band, hundreds of tropical plants, dance floor, video games, computers and a restaurant. It's a lavish fun spot that will play a central role in the film, a drug dealer haven and nighttime capital of South America.

The crowd, a combination of Caucasian and Latin, is mostly young, rich and happy and a lot of them coked; the girls, upperclass in sleek dresses, trim figures, heels, hats, sensuous bodies, yell as they dance to a black American music beat, "Celebrating" or "Partying Down Tonight"....

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED 55

The waitresses, mostly blondes, wear little coco channel hats pinned to their heads and the barest pants with hose and high heels.

Rich young guys with a lot of gold and diamonds on their necks and hands huddle briefly in groups or chat.

Down at the vid games are younger chicks in jeans and tough-looking tank tops with "Motherfuckah" and "Fuck Me" written on them. Manny's coming from the toilets, tries to pick one of them up.

MANNY
So whaddaya say, hunh?

He flashes his tongue. She looks at him, amused.

CHICK
You got a buck?

MANNY
Sure I got a buck, whaddaya think I am, poor?

CHICK
(indicates the machine)
Put it in, let's play.

MANNY
I-had other things in mind.

CHICK
You check out on this and we'll talk about other things.

MANNY
(looks off, concerned, then confronts the complex machine}
Puck, how do you play this thing?

CUT TO

56 INT. BABYLON CLUB 56

Frank Lopez, intoxicated, takes his heart pill with a slug of champagne. He sits next to Tony, who is agog at all this wealth. Omar and Ernie look on. Elvira is in conversation with a girl friend who has stopped by. They' re sitting at the best table in the place, finishing up a giant meal. The empty spot belongs to Manny.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED 56

LOPEZ
(to Tony)
...Over there that's Ronnie Echeverria. Him and his brother Miguel they got a big distribution set-up here to Houston and Tucson....

Their point of view -- Ronnie Echevarria, powerful, competent-looking man in conversation with a party of people.

LOPEZ
That guy there, in the purple shirt -- Gaspar Gomez. Bad news. Stone killer *there ever* was one. Stay away.

Their point of view -- Gaspar Gomez at a table with another guy and gorgeous woman.

LOPEZ
...the fat guy, with the chicas is Nacho Contreras -- El Gordo. Wouldn't know it to look at him but he's got more cash than anybody in here. A real haza....

Their point of view -- El Gordo is fat, dressed like a cheap slob and playing up to a bunch of chicas.

LOPEZ
. ..you know what a haza is, Tony?

TONY
'Haza'? No Frank, what's a haza?

LOPEZ
It's Yiddish for pig. It's a guy he's got more'n what he needs, so he don't fly straight anymore, y'know. That's the problem in this business, Tony, there's too many 'hazas' and they're the ones you got to watch out for. If they can fuck you outta an extra dime, they'll rip you and flip you and then fuck you with a stick for the pure pleasure of it. See it all comes down to *one* thing, Tony boy, never forget it! Lesson number one -- don't underestimate the other guy's greed.

ELVIRA
Lesson number two -- don't get high on your own supply.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED - 2 56

The girl friend has departed and Elvira turns her attention back to them, bored.

LOPEZ
That's right. Course not everybody follows the rules.
(eyeing Elvira)

HEAD WAITER
There you go, Mr. Lopez.

He's popped the champagne cork and pours Dom Perignon for Lopez.

LOPEZ
(sipping)
This the '64?

Head Waiter nods.

LOPEZ
Give it to everybody and bring another, willya Jack?
(to Tony)
Five hundred fifty dollars for this bottle Tony, what do you think of that, hunh? For a bunch of fucking grapes -- isn't that something?

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED - 2 56

ELVIA
(to Tony)
In France, it cost $100 but don't tell anybody in Miami.

Tony catches her eye. She looks away, interested.

57 INT. BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT 57

A Man passes the table. Lopez calls out.

LOPEZ
Hey, George -- buddy.

MAN
Hey, Frank...how's the case coming?

The Man's eyes thread the table. He looks sharp, heavy-lidded, cigarette-eyed, his voice a hoarse croak, a cigarette dangling from his mouth, his manner cool but amicable with Lopez. This is George Sheffield, Miami lawyer.

LOPEZ
Oy, I shoulda come to you 'stead of that putz, Neufeld.

SHEFFIELD
Jack's a good lawyer. I taught him everything he knows.

LOPEZ
Yeah, <u>almost</u> everything.

SHEFFIELD
(to Elvira)
Elvira, you look terrific...
(to all)
Enjoy yourselves.

He ambles off.

LOPEZ
...best goddamn lawyer in Miami. Cost a brick to pick up a phone.

Tony looking off at him, remembering it.

LOPEZ
(raising his champagne glass)
so...here's to old friends...and new friends.

CONTINUED .

57 CONTINUED 57

They toast, Tony tasting it like it was Holy Water.

LOPEZ
Well, Tony?

TONY
Hey, yeah, you're not kidding, this is good stuff, Frank.

Lopez laughs, likes the kid, tweaks him on the *check.*

LOPEZ
(checking Tony's threads)
Yeah, get you some new clothes, some $500 suits, you'll look real sharp. I'd like you and your boys to handle some stuff for me, Tony, work with Omar here. We're doing something big next month. Running a string of mules out of Columbia. You do good on that, there'll be other things.

Omar doesn't like it but glances away.

TONY
Hey, that sounds like fun, Frank. Thanks.

The music shifts to slow dancing.

ELVIRA
(waving away cigar smoke)
SO, you want to dance, Frank or you want to sit here and have a heart attack?

LOPEZ
Me dance? I'd rather have a heart attack.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED - 2 57

ELVIRA
(rising)
Don't foam into the Dom Perignon.

Glancing at Omar, sitting there obediently. Her eyes say forget it.

ELVIRA
(to Tony)
How about you?

Tony nods sure, looks at his boss.

LOPEZ
(waves)
Go on!

They go.

58 INT. BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT 58

It's interesting to watch Tony walk to the floor, leading Elvira. It's not so much an act of walking as it is an act of war, a tank bouncing anything or anybody off that gets in the way. Be just proceeds in a straight dead line, eyes forward. It's not that he doesn't see the people he bumps off, it's that he couldn't care less.

LOPEZ
(to Omar)
What do you think?

OMAR
I think he's a fucking peasant.

LOPEZ
Yeah -- but you get guys like that on your side, they break their backs for you.

CUT TO

59 INT. BABYLON CLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT 59

Tony and Elvira are dancing semiclose to a slow Billy Joel dance tune. He's no great shakes as a dancer, leaden in the legs and shoulders.

TONY
...so what's your name, Elvira what?

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED 59

ELVIRA
St. James.

TONY
Elvira St. James. Sounds like a nun or something. So where you from?

He bumps into an elderly couple dancing, ignores them.

ELVIRA
Baltimore....

TONY
Baltimore? Where's that?

ELVIRA
Look, it doesn't really matter. I'm getting a headache.

TONY
Just trying to be friendly.

ELVIRA
I've got enough friends -- and I don't need another one, 'specially one who just got off the banana boat.

He makes a point of looking at her.

TONY
Hey, I didn't come over on no banana boat. I'm a political refugee here.

ELVIRA
Oh, part of the Cuban crime wave?

Tony, pissed, bangs once more into the elderly couple. The man stops dancing, looks at him exasperated but Tony doesn't see.

TONY
Whatta you talking crazy for, whatsa matter with you?

ELVIRA
(interrupting)
..Im sorry. I didn't know you were so sensitive about your diplomatic status.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED - 2 59

TONY
...Why you got this beef against the world? You got a nice face, you got great legs, you got the fancy clothes and you got this look in your eyes like you haven't been fucked good in a year. What's the problem, baby?

Elvira laughs at him, furious.

ELVIRA
You know you're even stupider than you look. Let me give you a crash course, Jose whatever your name is, so you know what you're doing around here.

TONY
(interrupting)
Now you're talking to me, baby!

ELVIRA
First who, where, why and how I fuck is none of your business, second don't call me 'baby,' I'm not your baby and last, even if I was blind, desperate, starved and begging for it on a desert island, you'd be the last thing I'd ever fuck. You got the picture now -- so fuck off.

TONY
Hey, thataway.

She whips off the floor, pissed. He watches her, amused.

CUT TO

60 thru 62 OMITTED 60 thru 62

63 INT. CAR-DAWN 63 (X)

Tony and Manny drive home in the broken down Monte Carlo sedan through the streets of Little Havana.

They've been partying all night, clothes rumpled, Tony smoking his cigar, feeling good. (X)

TONY
That chick he's with...she loves me.

MANNY
(driving)
Oh yeah, how you know that?

TONY
The eyes, Manny -- they don't lie.

MANNY
You're serious? Tony, that's Lopez 's lady. He'll kill us.

TONY
What are you kidding -- he's soft. I seen it in his face -- booze and a cuncha tells him what to do.

Pause.

63-A and 64 OMITTED 63-A and 64 (X)

CUT TO

65 EXT. TONY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - SOUTHWEST MIAMI - LATE DAY 65

The house, bathed by a torpid setting sun amicable to lizards and Spanish moss, sits undistinguished and without shielding trees in the midst of a lower middle class neighborhood with look-alike yards and streets without people.

66 INT. TONY'S CADILLAC SEDAN - SIMULTANEOUS DAY 66

From his battered Monte Carlo across the curb, Tony, spruced up and nervous in a new suit, gets out carrying a bag of gifts. Manny is at the wheel, curious.

TONY
Be back in an hour okay.

CONTINUED

64 EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - SUNNY DAY - TWO MONTHS LATER

The new Miami is rising ubiquitously above Biscayne Bay, the camera moving past blossoming skyscrapers, workmen, huge cranes, glass, mirrors booming upwards into a beautiful blue Florida sky, fleeced with perfectly white clouds...past a giant billboard:---

HOW ABOUT A MILLION DOLLAR LOAN?
COME TALK TO US...
AT THE BANCO DE MIAMI...
TODAY!

Past banks of glass (Caribank, Banco de Venezuela, Amerifirst)...

Insert a car sticker going by with the image of the American flag and the reminder: "Will the last American leaving Miami please bring the flag?"

Tony and Manny, on a shopping spree, bop along an incredibly luxurious shopping mall lined with the latest stores, fashions, escalators, music, tropical plants, etc -- a warm womb-like plastic heaven.

TONY
. ..I shoulda been here 10 years ago man. This town's like a fig pussy dyin' to get fucked. Paradise, man, paradise! I coulda been a millionaire now. Get my own golf course, a boat...

MANNY
I want a line of bluejeans with my name on the chicks* asses.

TONY
. ..yeah we gotta make some moves on our own Manny, we never gcnna score the Big Money working for Frank.

MANNY
Frank's okay.

TONY
Yeah -- cause he buys you a suit? You thinkin' like a Chickenhead again

MANNY
Frank's got a.n organization

T O W
Organization? I got more brains than Omar and he's bigger than me. That's not an organization. That's a disorganization. What do you do for a brain man? Piss in it?'

MANNY
Fuck you, somebody oughta shoot you, put you outta your misery
(seeing something)
Hey catch this tomato

Catching the eye of *one* of two young Girls passing, Manny primps for them.

MANNY
Ooooh baby doll * (SEE NOTES)

TONY
Yeah, what do you girls say? you wanna have some ice cream with us somewhere?

They glance at Tony and Manny and hurry on.

Tony waves her off, thenchanges his mind and runs up behind her and throws up her skirt and peeks at her ass. Before she can react, he hops away laughing as the two Cuban girls ad-lib Spanish expletives at him.

MANNY
Hey that's not cool, man. You wanna score one of these chicks, watch me. Mira!

He wiggles his tongue up and down, fast like a small whirring motor part, then slips it back into his mouth in the flick of an eye.

TONY
...the fuck was that?

MANNY
You didn't see it? You weren't looking. Hey you gotta watch for it.

Does it again, quickly; it looks like a baby robin's head peeking out of a nest in his teeth, then it's gone.

TONY
What the hell's that for -- eating bugs? That's disgustin'.

MANNY
You think so hunh? Well you did know shit 'bout chicks chico. When they see this, they know. T h e y g o crazy. They don't resist me.

Does it again. Tony tries but lacks the speed and agility, provoking Manny's laughter. Manny double checks himself in a shop window.

MANNY
(doing it again)
Takes practice, mi sangre, but they just love it when you flop that pussy with it.... .

TONY'
Oooh...cono! How 'bout that one?

Pointing to a tall, cool blonde across the avenue.

MANNY
No problem.

EXT.. MIAMI SHOPPING STREET - DAY.

Tony walks right out into the- avenue, sticking out his arm and stopping traffic. Cars honk angrily but he couldn't give a shit.

TONY
Come on!

Manny *follows* as Tony now moves across the opposite lane, a car screeching to a halt in front of him.

TONY
(points)
Okay Rober Retfor, strut your stuff.

The blonde has paused to look in a shop window.

Nanny stops alongside, pretends to look. When Se catches her eyes, he flicks his tongue.

She looks at him, confused, then back into the window. Manny looks back at Tony, winks, sidles closer to her.

Tony, waiting off to the side, catches the gaze of a somber child, four, toddling along with it's mom. He makes his own version of a funny face at the kid who looks back at him puzzled. Tony produces another face. The kid now smiles. The mother looks over. Tony shrugs. She smiles and moves along.

Meanwhile, Manny has moved close to the blonde and suggests something, his eyebrows raising, the smile crooked. It takes a moment, then the blonde smacks him across the face and walks away.

Tony walks up to him, mocking.

TONY
I'm telling you man you got it- all mixed up. This country first you gotta get the money; then you get the power, and when you got the power, then you get the women -- then, chico, you got the world by the balls. Por los cojones!

MANNY
Hey Tony, last time this year you was in a fuckin' cage in Cuba. Why don't you take it easy chico, slow down, one step at a time, be happy what you got you know? You get on your death bed you look around you think to yourself 'when was I ever happy?'

Camera moving with Tony as he glances in an elegant window displaying jewelry.

TONY
You be happy. I want what's comin' to me when I'm alive not when I'm dead.

MANNY (shakes his head)
Yeah, what's comin' to you Tony?

TONY
The world man and everything in it!

As he goes into the store, the camera panning to the diamond's in the window.

CUT TO

65. EXT. TONY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - SOUTHWEST MIAMI - NIGHT

66 CONTINUED 66

MANNY
Okay.,. be cool.

Tony approaches the house, with the paper bag held high against his chest.

67 EXT./INT. TONY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY 67

Tony's Mother opens the door. A stout aging woman with a powerful face, she's shook to her roots.

TONY
(gently, in Spanish)
Mami... long time.... (X)

MAMI (X)
No postcards from jail, hunh?

Pause. He doesn't offer to kiss her nor she him. Mother looks behind her. Someone else is in the house. Mother looks back as if she has no choice. She opens the door. He steps in. He looks.

68 INT. TONY'S MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 68

The interior is comprised of small, narrow rooms filled with religious objects from macumba and waist-high black Jesus statues in various corners. The floor is without rugs and mosaicked with inexpensive, Aztec-type tiles, the impression clean, cluttered, Catholic, somewhat depressing.

Stepping forward to the center of the living room like a cautious cat is his ninteen-year-old sister Gina. Their eyes lock.

TONY
(moved)
Hi Gina....

GINA
Tony?

She looks at her mother confused. She's a naturally dark, curly-headed beauty with a slim, graceful figure and large-lidded eyes brimming with the same energy as Tony's. (She might also be recognizable from the snapshot we saw in Tony's possession.)

TONY
(covering his unwonted emotion)
Yeah, look at you, you're beautiful... what's it been seven years? Last time I saw you, you looked like a boy. Now look at you, you got great big *eyes just* like me! Yeah, so.... (X)

He holds out a wrapped gift towards her, about to give it.

TONY
I got this for you, no big deal but....

GINA
Oh Tony!

Gina suddenly. explodes across the room and rushes into his arms, grasping him fiercely.

GINA
...it's you!

Tony, over her shoulder, catches hi6 mother's eyes boring into him stonily.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED 68

GINA
I never thought I'd see you again -- never!

Tony, over her shoulder, opens the gift.

TONY
Hey pussycat, c'mon -- you think they can keep a guy like me down?

Disengaging gently, he holds up the contents of the gift box in font of her. It's a beautiful diamond locket to wear around her neck. Her eyes open wide.

TONY
...yeah for you...and look -- here. What I got written on it....

"To Gina From Tony. Always."

GINA
It's beautiful Tony, it's just beautiful....

The mother is amazed at the cost of the gift. Tony pulls out another present, for her.

TONY
...for you too Mama, look....

Moving towards her, he opens the package and pulls out an exquisite peral necklace. She stares at it, doesn't take it. Gina comes over, takes it for her.

GINA
Mama, it's beautiful...
(offers it, an unspoken 'why don't you take it?')

Mama doesn't. Gina puts it away with her own.

TONY
(holding Gina by the shoulder, making light of it)
Well anyway, here we are hunh? The three musketeers! We made it to America hunh? Let's toast!

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED - 2 68

Tossing the empty package aside, he pulls the last gift -- a bottle of champagne.

TONY
Oye ! To America!
(singing)
'America. America....'

CUT TO

69 INT. TONY'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 69 (X)

Mama, with things on her mind, is silently cooking a lunch, as Tony and Gina finish the champagne at the kitchen table.

GINA
...So Mama's still at the factory and I'm working part-time at a beauty parlor. I'm doing hair. Remember Hiram Gonzalez? His father had the babershop?

Tony nods.

GINA
It's his place. Plus I'm going to junior college -- Miami Dade -- and in two more years I get my cosmetology license and then I'll be making enough....

TONY
Yeah, well surprise, all that's over with starting today. I didn't bring up my kid sister to work in no hair shop....

Mama looks over at him on the words "bring up" and he catches her look.

TONY
...and Mama don't have to sew in no factory.

He pulls out a bundle of cash, fifties and hundreds, and starts peeling them off *on the* table. Mama stops working, looks.

TONY
(to Mama as he counts)
Yeah, your son's made it Mama, he's a success. I wanted to surprise you. That's how come I didn't show. my face around before. I wanted you to see what a good boy I been.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED 69

Pushes a thousand dollar stack towards her.

TONY
That's a thousand dollars right there, Mama -- for you.

She approaches it cautiously, her fingers riffling the bills, then looks back at her son.

MAMA
Who'd you kill for this Tony?

GINA
(aghast)
Mama!

TONY
I didn't kill nobody Mama,
(lying)

MAMA
No? What are you doing now -- banks or is it still bodegas, you and the others?

TONY
C'mon Mama. Things are different. I'm working with this anti-Castro group. I'm an organizer now, we get a lotta political contributions....

MAMA
Sure you do Tony -- with a gun sticking in somebody's face. All we read about in the papers is the animals like you and the killings, what about the Cubans who come here and work hard and make a good name for themselves? What about....

GINA
(springing to her feet)
What are you saying Mama! He's your son!

MAMA
Son? I wish I had one. He's a bum! He was a bum then and he's a bum n o w !

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED - 2 69

MAMA (Cont'd)
(to Tony, she's worked up like a madwoman now)
Who do you think you are, we haven't heard a word from you in five *years* and you suddenly show up here and throw some money around and you think you can get my respect? You think you can buy me with *jewelry?* You think you can come into my house with your hotshot clothes and your gutter manners and make fun of....

TONY
Hey Mama, come on, you don't know what you're talking about.....

MAMA
(continuing)
No, no, that's not the way I am Tony and that's not the way I --
(emphasizing it)
I raised Gina to be. You're not going to destroy her. I dont' need your money, thanks. I work for my living -- and I don't want you in this house anymore and I don't want you around Gina. So leave us alone...go on, get out! And take this lousy money with you, it stinks!

She casts the bundle of bills back across the table at him like dead lettuce.

A silence. Tony sits there livid, soothing his scar, about to explode, but doesn't. Gina mutters something in the silence.

GINA
Oh Mama...why do you got to spoil it for everybody.
(to Tony)
I'm sorry Tony, I....

Tony nods his head at his mother.

TONY
(gently)
Okay, Mama, okay....

CUT TO

70 EXT. TONY'S MOTHERS HOUSE - NIGHT 70 (X)

Tony walks out icily.

MANNY
(waiting in the car, seeing his expression)
Relatives, hunh? A pain in the ass, they ---

TONY
Shaddup!

He's climbing into the car when Gina hurries out the house.

GINA
Tony!

MANNY
Hey who's that?

Checks himself in the rearview mirror, slicks his hair.

Tony and Gina talk next to the car.

GINA
Tony...Mama -- since Papa took off....

TONY
Hey forget Papa, we never had one, okay? He was a bum!

GINA
(continuing)
...she's got a lot of hate in her Tony, she's proud, you got to understand that?

TONY
(making light of it now)
Hey it's okay, it's Mama, what do you want, she's Old World.

GINA
Tony, I know you did some bad things back then. The Army, I know you got into some trouble.

TONY
Communists you know, they're always trying to tell you what to do.

GINA
Mama, she doesn't understand...but I just want you to know, y'know, I don't care. Five years, ten years,

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED 70

GINA (Cont'd)
it doesn't matter how long you been away, you're my blood. Always.

Pause. She stares intently at him, emphasizing it.

TONY
Hey I know...I know.

She gives him a soft kiss. He takes out his money roll.

TONY
Say, I want you to keep this for yourself. Okay? Help Mama out, but don't tell her I gave you this, okay?

She hesitates.. He nudges her on the cheek and slaps the whole wad into her palm.

TONY
Go on! Go out and have some fun, what the hell? You gonna beat your-self to death at nineteen, pussycat like you?

He gets in the car. She peers in.

GINA
You can come by the shop y'know, any afternoon, I'll be there okay?

Her eyes fall on Manny at the wheel.

He smiles back with charm.

Gina's eyes pause on him, then withdraw. The sedan drives off.

71 INT. TONY'S CADILLAC SEDAN - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 71

MANNY
(driving)
Hey, cono, you -never told me you had such a good-looking doll for a sister!

Tony looks at him icily.

TONY
Stay away Manny, don't ever let me catch you fuckin' around with her, don't ever fuck around with her.... (X)

MANNY
(feeling the heat)
Sure...sure.

A beat.

CUT TO

72 MONTAGE - PASSING TIME 72

Music accompanying the flipping of calendar leaves.

73 U.S. CUSTOMS - MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 73

Tony, spruce in his new three-piece suit with the diamond on the finger and the expensive watch, looks like the young ethnic American businessman in import-export as he steps in front of a chunky, young Customs Officer, who looks at him coldly.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Mind opening that, sir?

Tony, calm, unzips the chic leather single suitcase, his eyes drifting around....

A woman, with a child and toy panda in a baby carriage, is cursorily checked through an adjacent line.

A nun is waived through the third line.

A stockbroker waiting in a fourth line, glances nervously in Tony's direction. (X)

Tony looks away, back at the Officer who is thoroughly ransacking the suitcase looking for a false bottom. He waits, confident.

An old man is waived through a fifth line,

74 OMITTED 74

75 EXT. DOLLY STASH'S HOUSE - MIAMI - DAY 75

The mother-type unscrews the handles of the baby carriage, pulling out the wrapped cocaine, while Chi-Chi extricates another load from the kid's panda bear which is now in shreds.

76 THE OLD MAN 76

helped by Rafi, is removing a sophisticated false bottom from his suitcase, laminated and difficult to detect.

77 MANNY AND GASPAR 77

break open wooden clothe6 hanger6 concealing cocaine a6 the stockbroker changes clothes. (X)

78 *THE* MOTHER 78

picks up the baby and removes cocaine from its diaper.

While:

79 THEFORMERNUN 79

in partial habit, steps out of the toilet, adjusting her underpants; she places a package of cocaine on a table, on which we now see approximately five kilos stacked.

80 TONY 80

counting out the cash for his mules, Omar there, over-looking the operation.

81 MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 81

Again. But this time going out.

The nun, now a housewife, going through an exit gate carrying hand luggage.

82 TONY 82

watching, glances up at the electronic information board -- Houston clocks out the time and the boarding gate...we move to Los Angeles -- "on time" ---

Tony's eyes moving to the mother, now without the child, buying her ticket-at the counters.

Manny joins him, nodding okay. Tony, with a glance at his watch, starts out the terminal. The roar of the aircraft blending with city sounds as we continue the rapid pace of the montage with music.

83 thru 85 OMITTED 83 thru 85 (X)

86 EXT. GOLF COURSE - MIAMI - DAY 86

Frank Lopez has Tony and Chi-Chi out on the golf course. Tony never played before and gets frustrated, swings his club at the ball like a baseball bat -- Lopez getting a kick out of him. Chi-Chi naturally makes *a perfect* putt, shrugging when Tony looks over at him amazed.

87 (X) (X)

07 INT. LAUNDRY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The plush millionaire's restaurant is to be seen again. Frank has his arm around Tony, introducing him to a business-type. Elvira looks on.

88 INT. HIGH-FASHION STORE - DAY 88

In a high-fashion store, Tony buys a beautiful dress for Gina who is delighted when she sees herself in the mirror, hugs Tony. Manny watches, unable to take his eyes off her.

SALESLADY
(admiringly to Tony)
Your wife looks terrific in that.

TONY
My wife? You gotta be kidding.

89 and 90

89 and 90 INT. LOBBY - LOPEZ CONDO - DAY

Elvira steps out of the lobby into the driveway. Tony is waiting for her. She's surprised.

TONY
He got held up at the golf club. He told me to pick you up. He'll meet us at the race track.

Elvira contemplating him with distaste.

TONY
He said if he was late to bet Ice Cream in the first.

She sighs, walks across the lobby. He follows.

CONTINUED

89 and 90 CONTINUED

She steps out in a Pucci summer dreds, looks around. He points.

TONY
Over there....

89 and 90

CONTINUED

89 and 90 CONTINUED - 2

89 and 90

She looks. The car is a yellow Cadillac convertible with big fins and Snoopy the dwarf dashboard statue with stickers all over the fenders. Adding to the impression are Manny and Chi-Chi waiting in the backseat.

ELVIRA
(registers it with distaste)
That thing? You must be kidding.

TONY
(hurt)
Whaddaya mean, that's a Cadillac.

ELVIRA
I wouldn't be caught dead in that thing.

TONY
It's got a few years on it but it's 'a creampuff.'

ELVIRA
It looks like somebody's nightmare.

91 INT. LUXURY MOTOR SALES - CORAL GABLES - DAY 91

Camera moves around a slick, red Jaguar -- XG 6 -- with Tony, accompanied by Manny, Chi-Chi, the Salesman. Elvira waits aloofly off to the side.

TONY
(to Elvira)
So you like this better? (X)

ELVIRA
(shrugs)
It's got style. (X)

TONY
Yeah it looks like one of them tigers from India. (X)

MANNY
(to Elvira)
Tony been dragging me around to the zoos, looking at tigers. He wants to buy one of them too.
(amused)
He do that he gonna have no friends left. Not that he got any now.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED 91

TONY
You'll like the tiger Manny, you'll see.

ELVIRA
You going to drive around with a tiger in your passenger seat Tony?

TONY
Yeah.. .maybe some lady tiger
(to Salesman)
How much?

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED - 2 91

SALESMAN
Twenty-eight thousand dollars. Fully equipped.

TONY
(genuinely)
That all?

SALESMAN
Machine gun turrets are extra.

TONY
(circling the car)
Funny guy hunh...Manny, c'mere.

Manny comes over and Tony walks him along the car, in quieter tones.

TONY
.Get these sections bullet-proofed ...here...here.. .these windows.... (X

MANNY
Yeah.

TONY
...and a phone with a scrambler. (X

MANNY
...okay. (X

TONY
...And one of those radio scanners, y'know, pick out flying saucers and stuff.

MANNY
Yeah a good one.

ELVIRA
(joining them)
Don't forget the fog lights.

TONY
Yeah in case I go to the swamps, Good idea.

ELVIRA
(impatiently)
I thought you were taking me to Frank?

CONTINUED .

91 CONTINUED - 3 91

TONY
(glances at his watch)
We still got an hour. You hungry?

ELVIRA
No but I'm bored.

TONY
Figgers. Check it out, will you Manny and pay the guy and grab a taxi out to the track....

MANNY
Thanks, yeah....

TONY
(before leaving)
Oh yeah ...

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a decal, a private joke. He slaps it on the rear fender. It's the same sticker we saw earlier of the American flag with the epitaph, "Will the Last American leaving Miami please bring the flag."

Elvira wonders about it as he joins her.

TONY
Somebody gotta keep the animals out.

92 EXT. LUXURY MOTORS - DAY 92

Tony leads her to his yellow Cadillac convertible parked out of eyesight of the others. (X)

TONY
I'm glad you came. 'I wouldn't buy the car you didn't like it. (X)

ELVIRA
Planning on driving the girls crazy,' aren't you?

TONY
Yeah -- you know who.

They get in the car. (X)

ELVIRA
And what would Frank say?

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED 92

She has a coke vial out, casually hits one nostril, then the other, then takes a last hit through the mouth,

TONY
I like Frank...but I like you better.

He reaches over and takes the coke from her. Does a toot, staring at her. She's uncomfortable. When he finishes he, makes as if to return it to her. She leans to take it. He kisses her. She goes with it.

Pause. She pulls back.

ELVIRA
(same tone of voice as before)
Don't get confused, *Tony*. I don't fuck around with the help,

As he puts the key into the ignition, Tony has this wolfish grin on his face.

CUT TO

93 INT. COCAINE LAB - BOLIVIA - DAY 93

Subtitle appears:

COCHABAMBA, BOLIVA

Alejandro Sosa is a playboy, about six-foot-two, black wavy hair, athletic body and a Copacabana tan, the clothes, a casual polo shirt and the latest pants from Calvin Klein.

On his wrist is a flashy gold ID bracelet with "Alex" written in diamonds and on the other wrist a gold Rolex with a bezel full of diamonds worth maybe $30,000. His eyes fizzle with an energy derived not from drugs but the continual excitement of his toys and his money.

Accompanying him everywhere is the Shadow, a thin, intense venomous-looking Hispanic man in his thirties, he has the look of death in an unsmiling face. He is always in proximity to his Jefe, usually slightly behind the person or persons addressing Sosa -- in a sort of garotte position, his eyes swivelling to stare down the person who might glance at him. He is a continual source of tension underplaying the scenes, particularly coming to affect Omar who is insecure to begin with.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED 93

Sosa is showing Tony and Omar through his coke processing lab, past four coal-fired stoves, each with massive iron kettles bubbling with coca paste...across to a row of ovens where the refined coke dries. The chemists and Indians working there all acknowledge "el rey del rey" as he passes, as proud of his factory as a vine grower his vineyard.

SOSA
...so this and my other factory I can can guarantee production of 200 kilos refined every month of the year. Problem is I have no steady market. Some months I can't get rid of fifty keys, other months I have to do 2 to 300 keys, it's crazy, hunh? Nobody can run a business that way ---

OMAR
I know what you mean Mr. Sosa, we got the same problems up in Miami, the demand varies for us too, month to month....

Sosa looks at him like that's obvious and moves on. In his skinny suit, with the wet cigarette clamped between his nervous fingers, Omar's not quite in his league with Sosa.

Tony, awed by the scope of it all, follows along, stops to look at a sample of the dried coke.

The Shadow stops, eyeballs him.

Tony eyeballs him back, playing a game with him, then samples the coke off his thumb into his nose. Pause. His expression says I like it. He moves on.

The Shadow moves with him.

SOSA
(meanwhile)
...Basically what I'm looking for is somebody to share the risks with me, somebody in the States who might guarantee me something like...say 150 kilos a month.

OMAR
That's a big commitment Mr. Sosa. It's too bad Frank's not here. Something like that you should talk to him. .

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED - 2 93

SOSA
Yes, it would've been nice if he could have come.

TONY
(cutting in)
...and he'd like meeting you too Mr. Sosa. But with his trial coming up y'know, it's not so easy for him to slip outta the country right now, y'understand?

SOSA
(taking the measure of Tony, sarcastic)
So he sent you?

TONY
Yeah, something like that. You sure got good stuff in there Mr. Sosa -- class A shit.

Looking over the laboratory like it was his. Omar glances at him, annoyed.

SOSA
We'll talk at my house. Shall we go....

CUT TO

94 INT. SOSA VILLA - BOLIVIA - DAY 94

The camera moves past a spectacular view of the mountains to a cavernous dining room highlighted by huge paintings from the Spanish classical period and ornate candelabra. At the table are Sosa, Omar, Tony. The Shadow sits impassively in a folding chair off to the side, watching Omar and Tony. Tony is impressed, looking at the plates, the glasses, the silverware, uncomfortable, trying to fit in. He eats the salmon off a silver plate with oafish movements of his knife and fork as the servants move to and fro, constantly changing dishes, confusing Tony (ad-lib during scene).

SOSA
(to Omar)
...say Lopez guarantees me 150 keys a month for a year, and he picks it up down here, I could sell it to him for as little as 7000 a kilo. You cannot do better than that.

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED 94

OMAR
Well, we do that we gotta take the risk of moving it. Also we'd be cutting out the Columbians. You know what that means?

TONY
That means we gotta go to war with 'em.

Sosa looks over at him, not quite knowing yet what to make of this guy.

SOSA
When we cut out the Coluxnbians we take risks -- on both sides.

TONY
Split the risk. Guarantee your delivery as far as Panama.

SOSA
Panama? Risky? It costs me more. There I'd sell maybe 13.5 a key.

TONY
13.5! What are you nuts? We still gotta take the shit to Florida. You know what that's like these days? They got the Navy all over the fuckin' place. They got frogmen, they got EC 2s with satellite tracking shit in 'em, they got fuckin' Bell 209 assault choppers up the ass, we're losing one out of every nine loads. It's no duckwalk for us anymore, y'know. Forget it.

Omar is looking at him, ready to explode at his blithe assumption of power -- whereas Sosa chuckles, amused by his brashness, starting to be intrigued by this animal.

SOSA
What do you suggest is a fair...? Excuse me.

Interrupted, Sosa looks over at his black aide who suddenly appears at the door, apparently with a message. Sosa waves him in.

The black aide -- The Skull -- is a slim, tall imposing man with academic, 'horn-rimmed glasses and close-cropped hair on a huge and impressive skull. He combines the physical qualities of an animal with an intellectual. As he approaches, he glances down the table, his eyes falling

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED - 2 94

briefly on Omar who doesn't connect. The Skull falters -- just for a moment -- then continues towards Sosa with the same stony, loyal expression.

Sosa lends his ear and the Skull whispers his information. A beat. He whispers a second thought. Sosa reacts minimally. Then he nods, dismissing the Skull who heads out the room. Sosa glances at his gold Rolex.

OMAR
(meanwhile to
Tony in a whisper)
Shaddup willya Montana, I'm doing the talking here!

Tony shrugs.

SOSA
Where were we?

TONY
Panama. You're looking for a partner, right?

Omar shoots a poisonous glance at Tony.

SOSA
...something like that.
(chuckles)

OMAR
Look Mr. Sosa, we're getting ahead of ourselves here. I'm down on Frank's authority to buy 200 keys, that's it, that's **my limit.** I got no right to negotiate for Frank Lopez on anything larger than that. So why don't we...

TONY
Hey **Omar** why don't you **let the man** finish, hunh? Let him **propose his** proposition.

OMAR
Hey Montana, you got no authority here, **okay!** I started you in this business, all right, so shut the **fuck up!**

TONY
(shrugs)
Frank'll love it. Don't worry about it.

OMAR
That's up to Frank -- not you.

CONTINUED .

94 **CONTINUED - 3** 94

He looks embarrassed **at** Sosa who has been watching, sensing also an advantage in the split.

OMAR
I'm sorry about this, **Mr.** Sosa....

SOSA
It's all right. Maybe your partner's right. Maybe you **should** talk to **Frank.**

OMAR
(a beat)
Okay. I don't think this is something I want to do on **an overseas phone,** but **I can go back** to Miami **and talk to** Frank personally.

SOSA
(without hesitation)
Good. My chopper **can** take you to Santa **Cruz** now. I have a jet there that'11 have you in Miami in five hours. **You can be back here tomorrow.** For lunch.

Omar is taken aback by **the speed** of the plan.

OMAR
..,Yeah I **guess so....**

TONY
Great.

SOSA
(glancing at Tony, to Omar)
...leave your friend here. While you're gone **maybe he can tell me how** to **run my** business.

OMAR
(doesn't like it)
I don't **think that....**

TONY
(lighting **a** cigar)
Hey it's okay. You tell Frank I'm keeping this guy on ice for . **him....**

Sosa laughs. Omar scowls.

CUT TO

95 EXT. SOSA VILLA - DAY 95

The helicopter blades whirr. The Skull waits inside with the Shadow. They both stare at:

Omar, who, with one hesitant look, steps inside.

The chopper lifts off the lawn, the camera moving to the polo players exercising in the distance...a woman on a horse rides by and we swing with her towards the villa.

Sosa walks Tony down an outside gallery towards the veranda where servants lay out the coffee and fruits.

TONY
You know why they say Cubans are all screwed up?

SOSA
Why?

TONY
'Cause the islands in the Caribbean, the governments in Russia, the Armys in Angola, and the people live in Miami.

Sosa laughs. They reach the veranda, Tony glancing past Sosa to an exotic-looking, dark-eyed senorita who gets off her horse, held by a servant, and joins them.

TONY
(overlapping the joke)
...They got a beard there that's all. With a cigar and a big mouth.

SOSA
Maybe he'll move to Miami too... Gabriella, my rose -- how was the ride? (X)

Sosa changes his personality completely with her, dewy-eyed and loving. They peck each other's cheek lightly.

GABRIELLA
(distracted) (X)
Lovely.. .but the sheep in the north pasture, they're destroying the grass, it's turning yellow. You must move them darling.

SOSA
1'11 take care of it myself. (X)

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED 95

GABRIELLA
(turning to go)
...and don't forget we have the Rinaldi's at eight.

SOSA
Of course not. Uh -- an associate of mine. From Miami. Tony Montana...
(to Tony)
My fiance, Gabriella Montini.

TONY
Hello....

She nods to him in that somewhat uninterested, rude, upperclass Latin way. (X)

GABRIELLA (X)
It's a pleasure.

She withdraws. Tony watches her go. (X)

TONY
I gotta hand it to you. You got everything a man could want.

Sosa, pleased, reaches for an expensive set of binoculars on the patio table, looks up through them, at the helicopter rising off the lawn.

SOSA
(focusing the binoculars)
I like you Tony. There's no lying in you..Unfortunately I don't feel the same way about the rest of your organization.

Tony glances up at the chopper, the servant pouring coffee for him.

TONY
Uh -- Whaddaya getting at, Mr. Sosa?

SOSA
I mean Omar Suarez.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED - 2 95

Tony, puzzled, glances up at the chopper which now hovers there high above the estate.

Sosa passes him the binoculars.

SOSA
This garbage was recognized by my associate at lunch. From several years ago. In New York. He was an informer for the police....

Tony, astonished, looks up.

96 THROUGH THE BINOCULARS - OMAR 96

terrified, being positioned at the door of the chopper by the Shadow and the Skull, his hands tied to his back and a length of thick rope looped around his neck. He is struggling backwards in vain.

SOSA
He put Vito Duval and the Ramos Brothers -- Nello and Gino -- away for life. My associate used to work up there.

Through the binoculars -- they throw Omar out of the chopper and he flies downwards and jerks back up as the rope stretches taut, snapping his neck. He hangs there like a broken doll on a string as the chopper moves out of sight.

A silence.

97 TONY 97

shaken, lowers the binoculars. Sosa watches him closely for his reaction. Tony looks back at him, contemplative. Sosa goes over, pours himself some coffee.

SOSA
So how do I know you're not a 'chivato' too Tony?

TONY
(angry, stalks up to him)
Hey Sosa -- get this straight right now ! I never fucked anybody over in my life didn't have it comin' to him -- okay! All I got's my two balls and my word -- and I don't break 'em.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED 97

TONY (Cont'd)
For nobody. That piece of shit up there I never liked, I never trusted.. For all I know he's the guy who set me up and got my buddy Angel Fernandez **killed.** But that's history. **I'm** here. He's not. **You wanna** go on with me, **say** it. You don't, make your move, hodedor! (X)

SOSA
(moves away)
I think you speak from the heart Montana, but I say to myself this Lopez -- your boss -- **he has** 'chivatos' like that working for him, his judgment stinks. So I think to **myself,** what other mistakes has this Lopez **guy made,** how **can** I trust his **organization...hunh?** You tell me Tony.

TONY
Hey Frank's smart. Don't blame him for that animal. It's crazy business we're in, it can happen to anybody -- even you y'know. I'll talk to Frank myself. **I'll** fix this thing up right between you.
(then)
You got my word on that.

Sosa approaches Tony, focusing an intense stare on him, makes an elaborate gesture **of** putting his hands out, Tony followng the pantomine, puts his out. Sosa now grips them.

SOSA
You speak with your **eyes muchacho. I** think -- you and **I** -- we can work this thing out, **do** business a long time together. Just remember -- it's the only thing I ever tell you -- don't **fuck** me Tony, don't ever **try** to **fuck me.**

Their eyes locked together.

CUT TO

98 AERIAL VIEW - MIAMI - TWILIGHT 98

In all its Caribbean splendor with the long curving beach and rich white buildings, bathed in a lovely violet light.

Music theme continuing over.

REVERSE WIFE TO

99 EXT. LOPEZ MOTORS AUTO DEALERSHIP - LITTLE HAVANA - DAY 99

In long shot we see an agitated Lopez entering his dealership with his bodyguard. Against a background of used American cars **without** great distinction, he **ad-libs** his way through some customers and salesmen, shaking hands and acting like everybody's favorite **uncle...till** we see him approach Tony, who is waiting for him with Manny outside his office. **He** jerks his head. Inside. They go.

CUT TO

100 INT. AUTO LOPEZ OFFICE - DAY 100

The office is highly decorated with plagues, momentos, Cuban patriot flags, and lots of photographs, centering on JFK and RFK shaking the hand of Lopez who now stares incredulously at Tony.

LOPEZ
(livid)
You what! You made a deal for fucking eighteen million dollars without even checking with me! What are you crazy Montana, are you crazy!

TONY
Hey take it easy Frank, **cono.**

LOPEZ
Cono my ass!

TONY
At 10.5 a key, it's pure Frank...we can't lose money, no way, we make seventy-five million on this deal, Frank. Seventy-five mill! That's serious money.

LOPEZ
Yeah and what's Sosa gonna do to me when I don't come up with the first five million dollars on this **deal** -- send me a bill? He's gonna send hit squads up here that's what. There's gonna be war in the streets. (X)

TONY
Frank...Frank....

LOPEZ
(ranting)
You know what this fucking trial is costing **me in** legal fees, Montana?

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED 100

LOPEZ (Cont'd)
...You expect me to believe Omar was a stoolie. 'Cause Sosa said so? And' you bought that line? (X)
(pause, eyeing Tony)
Maybe I made a mistake sending you down there? Maybe you and Sosa know something I don't know?

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED - 2 100

TONY
You saying I'm not being straight with you Frank? (X)

Lopez's bodyguard shifts. Manny slips his hand closer to his belt.

LOPEZ
(carefully)
Let's just say I want things to stay the way they are. For now. Stall your deal with Sosa.

Long pause. Tony's eyes meeting Lopez's. He gave Sosa his word.

TONY
(finally)
...have it your way boss.

He turns to leave, nods *to* Manny.

LOPEZ
Montana... just remember I <u>am</u> the boss.

TONY
Sure you're the boss.

Gets to the door, Manny joining him.

LOPEZ
Y'know I told you when you started Tony, the guys who last in this business are guys who fly straight, real low key, real quiet...the guys who want it all, the chicks and the champagne and the flash -- they don't last.

Tony, saying nothing, goes out the door with Manny.

101 EXT. AUTO LOPEZ OFFICE 101

Just outside the door, Tony glances at Manny's question-mark expression.

TONY
(with steel)
Fuck him!

CUT TO

101-A EXT. SHEFFIELD'S OFFICE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT 101-A

102 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

10:
(X

Tony, impeccable in Cardin whites, and Manny, also slicked up, are shown by an elegant secretary into a plush office. Behind the desk sits the heavy-lidded, cigarette-eyed lawyer,

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED 102

George Sheffield smoking yet another cigarette, his voice a hoarse gravelled croak, the eyes -- with their deadman stare -- always pausing before they speak. He doesn't get up from his desk. His hair is flaming red. We saw him before, at the Mutiny Club.

SHEFFIELD
What can I do for you Montana?

TONY
(indicates Manny)
My partner. Manny Ray.

Manny, standing in the b.g., nods.. -Sheffield shifts his eyes briefly, back to Tony who plops himself in a chair.

TONY
So George, they tell me you're the best lawyer in town.

SHEFFIELD
Did they also tell you how expensive I am?

TONY
Hey it's like J.P. Morgan says -- if you gotta ask, you're outta your league.

SHEFFIELD
I see you been reading your American history Montana, what've you done lately to earn a place in it?

TONY
(chuckles)
I'm trying to stay outta it, y'know what I mean? I'm expanding my operation. So I want a class guy like you on the payroll -- advising me. Starting now.

SHEFFIELD
(a longer pause than usual)
...Start with a $100,000. Cash. On the table.

TONY
(an equal pause}
Sure....

He sticks out his hand. Manny slaps an envelope in it. Tony begins counting out the cash, right on the tabletop.

CUT TO

103 EXT. LOPEZ CONDO - SOUTH MIAMI - DAY 10

Tony waits in his red Jaguar in the driveway of the building.

Lopez and his bodyguard exit the building. (X

A limousine pulls up.

Tony watches.

The threesome get in the limo and drive **away.**

Tony gets out of the car, **crosses** to the entrance.

104 INT. LOPEZ CONDO - DAY 10

Tony waits outside the door, pushes the buzzer again.

Elvira opens it, a look of utter surprise on her face. **She's** in jeans, barefoot and casual.

ELVIRA
Tony?

TONY
Hi there.

Elvira looks at him, still astonished and waiting for an explanation. There is none.

ELVIRA.
Uh...you just missed Frank.

TONY
I didn't come here to see **Frank.**

She looks **at** him **amazed. The balls on this guy!**

ELVIRA
(cooling to him fast)
This is **not the** time or the place.
Next time make an appointment first.

She tries to slam the door in his **face but he** blocks it and bulls in.

TONY
I got something important to tell **ya.**
Why don't you make some drinks and **act** normal.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED 104

ELVIRA
Sure. Why not? We're all normal here.

She heads for the pool, nonplussed. Tony closes the door, eases slowly across the room towards her, awkwardly trying to make conversation. (X)

TONY
I heard you was in Europe travelling 'round all by yourself. Woman like you shouldn't have to travel alone...
(pause, no response)
I been travelling myself.

ELVIRA
Broadening your intellect. I heard.

TONY
What else d'you hear?

ELVIRA
I heard you and Frank aren't working together anymore.

TONY
Yeah. It makes things easier this way, don't it?

She's puzzled. He drinks a toast.

TONY
Here's to the land of opportunity.

ELVIRA
For you maybe.

She drinks to it.

TONY
Hey, do you like kids?

ELVIRA
Kids? Sure, why not -- as long as there's a nurse.

TONY
Good. Cause I like kids too. I like boys and girls.

She's waiting. He paws the ground, awkward as a bull.

ELVIRA
That's broad of you, Tony. Travelling really helped. Look, Frank's going

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED - 2 104

ELVIRA (Cont'd)
to be back any moment and when he walks through that....

TONY
Yeah. Yeah -- fuck Frank. Look, here's the story. I'm from the gutter but I climbed out of it. I'm not the smartest guy in the world but I got guts and I know the streets and I'm making the right connections. With the right woman, there's no stopping me. I could go to the top, I could be somebody here in Miami. I could be like Frank but bigger -- The biggest!... (X)

Elvira's looking at him like he's on the moon.

TONY
Anyway what I came up here to tell you is that...uh I like you. I think you're terrific. I known this the first time I seen you. You belong to me. We're tigers. The two of us...I want you to marry me and be the mother of my children.

Silence.

ELVIRA
(stunned)
Me? Marry you?

She laughs, a short harsh laugh.

T O N Y
(sincere)
Yeah...marry me.

ELVIRA
What about Frank? What are you going to do about Frank?

TONY
Frank's not gonna last...
(puts down the drink, puts his hand on hers)
I'm not looking for an answer right now Elvira, but I want you to think about it, okay? I want you to think hard... 1'11 see you the next time.

. He goes. She stares at him, still dazed, yet deep down -- flattered.

CUT TO

105 INT. BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT 105

The place is raging tonight as Tony and Manny arrive, in tuxedos, making their way through the crowd greeting the many people who know them now. We might note Tony has refined the art of walking and no longer bulls people out of his path, he angles through them.

OWNER
(indicating a table)
Over here.

Tony stops, spots his sister Gina, in an expensive looking dress, with a flashy young Cuban guy in a burgundy suit.

TONY
What the fuck is she doing here, she's....
(heading towards her)

MANNY
(stops him).
Hey c'mon Tony, it's okay, it's just a disco for chrissake. What do you give her money for if you don't want her to go out, have some fun?

Gina spots Tony, hesitates, waves to him. Manny waves back. Tony nods. Burgundy suit checks them out.

TONY
Who's she with?

MANNY
Some kid, he works for Luco, he's harmless....

Tony spots a Large Man coming towards him. Caucasion, about 250 pounds.

TONY
Keep your eye on her. Make sure he don't dance too close.

MANNY
Sure Tony.

LARGE MAN
(intersecting)
Hello Tony, you remember me?

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED 10

MANNY
(drifting away)
I'll be at the table.

TONY
(to the Large Man)
Yeah, sure. You're...
(snaps fingers trying to remember)
...Bernstein, right. Mel Bernstein. Narcotics, right?

BERNSTEIN
That's right, Tony. I think we better talk.
(indicates a quieter area)

There's something ugly in his smile, maybe it's 'cause just the eyes do the smiling.

TONY
Talk about what, what's there to talk about? I ain't killed anybody lately.

BERNSTEIN
No not lately but we can go back to ancient history. Like Emilio Rebenga, like a bunch of whacked Indians at the Sun-Ray Motel in Miami Beach.... (X

TONY
Oh yeah?..you know Mel whoever's giving you your information must be taking you guys for a long ride.

BERNSTEIN
Are we gonna talk or am I gonna bust your wiseass spic balls, Tony baby -- here and now?

Tony looks at him.

CUT TO

106 INT. BABYLON CLUB - CORNER TABLE - TONY AND MEL 10

in a corner of the Babylon -- talking. (X

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED 10

BERNSTEIN
...yeah, so the news on the street is you're bringing in a lot of yeyo Tony...that you're no longer a small-time hood, you're public property now, and the Supreme Court says your privacy can be invaded....

TONY
No shit -- how much?

BERNSTEIN
(doodling on a piece of paper)
There's an answer to that too....

He holds the paper up briefly in front of Tony. It says "25,000".

TONY
(reacts)
That's a big number.

BERNSTEIN
That's on a monthly basis. Every (X)
month the same thing. You know how this works, don't you? We tell you who's moving against you, we shake down who you want shaken down, if you have a real problem in a collection, we'll step in for you. I got eight killers with badges working for me. When we hit, it hurts...Same thing works the other way. You feed me a bust now and then, some new cowboy wants to go into business you let us know -- we like snacks, it looks good on the record.

TONY
S'pose I give you the money, how do I (X)
know you're the last bull I gotta grease? What about Metro, Lauderdale, DEA -- how do I know what rock they're gonna come out from under?

BERNSTEIN
That's none of our business, Tony, (X)
we don't cross no lines.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED - 2 106

BERNSTEIN (Cont'd)
(getting up)
I don't want this discussion going any farther than this table. My guys have families, they're legitimate cops, I don't want none of 'em getting' embarrassed 'cause if my guys are gonna suffer, then they're gonna make you suffer. Comprendre?..Oh yeah and I got a vacation comin' up. I wanna take the wife to London, England. We never been there. Throw in two round-trip tickets. First class. (X)

Tony just stares at him. Bernstein smiles, points.

BERNSTEIN
I like the scar. Like Capone. Nice. But you oughta smile more, Tony. Enjoy yourself. Everyday above ground's a good day.

He winks and goes. Tony sits there brooding on it, eyes flicking back to the dance floor.

Burgundy suit there is snuggling up to Gina on the dance floor. Too close.

Tony is getting pissed, he looks around for Manny, then spots....

107 INT. BABYLON CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT 107

Elvira walking into the club, followed by Lopez and Ernie, the bodyguard. Lopez is delayed at the door by his buddy, the Owner, and Elvira drifts in. His attention diverted from Gina, Tony goes towards her.

She sees him coming, glances in Frank's direction.

Tony comes right up to her.

TONY
Hi....

ELVIRA
Hello, Tony.

Lopez, in conversation with the Owner, glances over, sees Tony with Elvira, his expression narrows.

TONY
so...Did you think about what I said? About the kids?

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED 107

ELVIRA
Tony, you're really nuts you know, you really are.

Lopez comes over, takes Elvira's arm, and smiles at Tony.

LOPEZ
Hey Tony, why don't you get your own girl?

TONY
That's what I'm doing, Frank.

Tense look on Frank's face. The bodyguard circles.

LOPEZ
(without a smile)
Then go do it somewhere else. Get lost.

ELVIRA
Frank, he was only....

TONY
(ignoring her)
Maybe I don't hear so good sometimes, man. (X)

LOPEZ
You won't be hearing anything, you go on like this.

TONY
You gonna stop me?

Frank is livid.

LOPEZ
You're fucking right I am. I'm giving you orders. Blow. (Esfumate) (X)

The bodyguard moves closer to Tony who doesn't move.

Manny suddenly slides into frame, backing Tony.

TONY
(icy)
Orders? There's only one thing that gives and gets orders, cabron -- balls. (X)

Pause. Something's about to pop, turns back just at the crest. Lopez abruptly turns away.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED - 2 10;

LOPEZ
(to Elvira)
Let's go!

ELVIRA
Frank, this is ridiculous....

LOPEZ
C'mon!

He crowds her. Angry, she goes. Tony watches as they exit the club.

MANNY
What happened?

TONY
That cocksucker! -- He put that homicide prick Bernstein on me.

They stroll back to the table.

MANNY
What for?

TONY
The Emilio Rebenga hit. Remember that.

MANNY
You're kidding!

TONY
Who else knew about it? Omar's fertilizer, ain't he? Lopez is letting me know he's got weight on me.

MANNY
I don't know, things don't look so good here, Tony. Maybe we should get outta town for a while, y'know, go up to New York?

TONY
You go. I like the weather here just fine.

He stops, his eyes darting to pick out Gina laughing as she follows burgundy suit out of the main room and down the stairs to the toilets.

Without hesitation, his irritation peaking now, Tony darts after her.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED - 3 107

MANNY
Hey, where you going?

He doesn't answer.

CUT TO

108 INT. BABYLON CLUB - STAIRS AND LADIES ROOM - NIGHT 108

Tony comes down the plush velvet stairs, flings himself into the Ladies room...the ladies, surprised, look back at him. No Gina.

109 INT. BABYLON CLUB - MEN'S ROOM AND STAIRS - NIGHT 109

He moves over to the Men's room, throws the door open. There are four legs visible in one of the stalls. Tony moves past two men washing up, and hurls himself against the door.

It crashes open on Gina in the act of snorting coke, with burgundy suit running his hands along her ass.

GINA
(shocked)
Tony!

TONY
What are you doing! What are you doing!

He grabs burgundy suit by the collar and whips him several times into the wall.

GINA
(trying to restrain him)
Tony! What're you doing! You're crazy!

He rips the coke out of her hands and scatters it across the tiles.

TONY
(to Gina)
What are you doing with this shit, hunh?
(back to burgundy suit)
Get the fuck out of here, maricon, y'hear, I'll kill you next time.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED 10

GINA
Fernando!

TONY
(to Gina)
Shaddup!

Manny runs in, several others now **looking** in from the hall.

MANNY
Tony!

Tony shoves burgundy **suit out** of **the** stall, past Manny.

TONY
Go on!

GINA
What the hell is....

TONY
You think it's cute somebody puttin' their hands all over your ass, **my** kid sister, hunh? In a toilet!

GINA
It's **none** of your business!

TONY
The **fuck** it isn't! Three **dollar** hooker, that's what you are. Snorting shit like that at your age, you **oughta** ---

GINA
What are you -- a priest? A cop! Look at your life. **You can't tell me what to do!**

TONY
I'm telling ya! I don't wanna see you in here again. **I catch you in** here **I'm** gonna beat the shit outta you.

GINA
Oh yeah! Go ahead!

TON-Y
You're getting outta here right **now!** Don't push **me baby,** don't push **me!'**

GINA
Don't **fucking** push me!

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED - 2 109

MANNY
Okay, c'mon, let's go outside get some air....

The argument has moved across the bathroom to the lip of the hallway. Several more people are watching.

GINA
You got a nerve, Tony, you got a *nerve!* You can't tell me what to do. I'll do **what** I want to do. I'll go out with who I want and if I want to **fuck** them then 1'11 **fuck** them!

Tony, raging, smacks her across the face. She reels back into the toilet.

The crowd is silent. *Tony* stands there, abated.

Manny moves across the floor and kneels down, consoles Gina who is sobbing.

MANNY
(tender)
Come on, baby, it's okay. ..it's okay, he didn't mean it.
(strokes her face)

TONY
(disturbed, to Manny)
Get her home, get her outta here!

He turns and bulldozes his way through the growing crowd, no regrets, but disturbed.

Manny helps Gina to her feet.

MANNY
Come on, pussycat, I'll buy you a cup of coffee.

CUT TO

110 INT. BABYLON CLUB - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 110

Tony, isolated and edgy, reenters the main room, circling the edges of the crowd, up to the bar.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED 110

TONY
(to the bartenderess, pointing)
Gimme a double of that!

He turns, catches a last glimpse of Gina leaving with Manny.

CUT TO

111 **EXT.** MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT 111

Manny drives Gina home in his two-seater Mercedes sports coupe. She's still angry.

GINA
...He's got a nerve the way he acts! Mama's right. She says he hurts everything he touches. Well he's not gonna hurt me anymore. He'll never see me again. Never!

MANNY
He loves you, what do you want. He feels he raised you.

GINA
He still thinks I'm fifteen. He's been in jail five years **and he still thinks** I'm fifteen!

MANNY
Hey, you're the best thing he's got. The only thing. He don't want you to grow up to be like him. So he's got this father thing for you, protect you....

GINA
Against what?

MANNY
'Gainst assholes -- like the **sleaze ball in the red suit.**

He says it like it's personal.

GINA
(picks up on it)
I like Fernando, he's a nice guy, he knows how to treat a woman.

MANNY
(a face)
What future's he got? On a bandstand somewhere? He's a bum, Why don't you go out with somebody who's going somewhere?

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED 111

She gives him a look.

GINA
Like who?

MANNY
Like a doctor or a dentist or something.

GINA
What about you? Why don't you take me out?

She's looking straight at him now, challenging.

MANNY
What? Me?

GINA
Yeah, you. I see the way you look at me -- Manolo Ribera. (X)

MANNY
(nervous)
Hey, Tony's like my brother.. You' re his kid sister, okay?

GINA
So what?

MANNY
so....

GINA
(taunting)
You afraid of Tony? You afraid of Tony's kid sister?

MANNY
Fuck no....

112 EXT. TONY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 112

Pulls the car over to the curb.

MANNY
I guess we're here.

Pause.

GINA
You think about it, okay, you think about it real hard, Manny. 'Cause you don't know what you're missing....

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED 112

She leans across the front seat and lightly lays a challenging kiss on his cheek. The ladykiller is rigid in his terror.

She gets out of the car, crosses in front of his headlights, towards the house, looking at him.

He watches.

CUT BACK TO

113 INT. BABYLON CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT 113

The Owner appears at the mike, the music drifting to Sinatra's "Strangers In The Night'.

OWNER
All right, you coneheads, another exciting evening at the Babylon, hunh? Now I want you to check out this next hombre. I found him stoned in the jungle and there's nothing you'll ever see like him. I present with great pride, 'from Caracas, Venezuela -- 'Octavio'! (X)

Lights dimming to the bluesy rhythm of the Sinatra song as sad-eyed Octavia suddenly appears in the shifting spotlight drawing immediate laughter.

He is dressed as an enormously fat old man with a Quasimodo mask covering both the front and back of his head and neck. With a red bulb for a nose, he gyrates grotesquely to the sleek song; once the mood of laughter has been established, the music suddenly shifts upbeat to "Saturday Night Fever" and the clown, like a butterfly from a worm, starts shedding the stuffing from his clothes, his big eyes staring out at us in theatrical melancholy.

Tony watches, sitting alone, distracted by the clown.

More laughter, more clothes coming off, building a tempo. When the head mask comes off, we see the gaunt handsome face of a young clown in white paint with the large blackened eyes staring without expression at the laughing audience.

Tony is hooked by the image, looks on.

The clown is down to his leotards, thin as a stick, and pulling the girls out onto the floor to dance with him, bouncing around like yo-yos. Everybody is laughing, everybody is merry...

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED 113

...except Tony and the clown, weaving in and out of the sharpening spotlight in his white face as the act comes to its close, a haunting figure of mockery....

Tony, absorbed by his thoughts, is lucky this time. His antennae warn him. Out of the side of his eye, he sees....

The two hitters moving on him.

He sprawls. Machine gun fire rips through the upholstery, smashing the mirrors....

Screams, crowd diving for cover....

Tony, hit in the shoulder, rolls, gets his Baretta out of his ankle, firing....

Hits one of the gunmen in the chest; the man staggers across the disco floor firing volleys into the mirrors and ceilings....

Tony moving under the tables, towards the door, firing....

The second hitter is pinned, firing back, breaking more mirrors, and more screaming.

Tony lets the gunman have another burst then runs out the door, his clothes ripped with blood and glass.

The clown, Octavio, lies dead on the silent dance floor.

CUT TO

114 EXT. THE BABYLON CLUB - NIGHT 114

Tony runs out, crouched, to his red Jaguar.

Exchanging shots with a third hitter across the parking lot, he runs out of ammunition.

He jumps into the Jaguar, his windows being blown *out.*

The second hitter, wounded, running out of the club, towards him.

The third hitter advancing, carhops scattering.

Tony reaching under his seat, gets a hold of his own Ingram machine pistol, cocks it and lays down a field of fire.

Carhops scattering, the hitters seeking cover.

Hitter two, already wounded, is hit again, his head exploding like squashed watermelon.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED 114

Tony now pops a button. Bulletproof blackout shutters whap across the shattered windows.

He guns the Jaguar out into the lot, bullets careening off the armor plating, whining against the shutters.

Tony suddenly brakes the car and reaches down and slams the gear shift into reverse.

In an instant, his warmobile accelerates in reverse, climbing to top speed....

As hitter three realizes it's too late, tries to get out of there, but is overtaken and crushed by the car.

CUT TO

115 INT. SAFE HOUSE - THAT NIGHT 115

Tony, aching from his wound, is attended by a Doctor, who reveals to Us an ugly wound on his rib cage. Tony looks at it, doesn't express a reaction.

DOCTOR
It's going to be sore for a few months.

TONY
Somebody else gonna be a lot sorer...
(to Chi-Chi)
Find out where Lopez is....

CUT TO

116 INT. MIRIAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 116

Miriam's a tough-looking little chick in panties and a tank top with "Cocaine" written on it.

TONY'S VOICE
Miriam? Yeah...Tony. Manny there?

MIRIAM
Yeah... It's Tony.

Manny, in bed, is snorting a line of coke off a mirror, takes the phone, in good spirits.

MANNY
Tony cono, whatcha doing -- checking up on me, too?

117 INT. **SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT** 117

TONY
Look, get your fuckin' clothes on and meet me outside Lopez's office in forty-five minutes. That phone booth on 9th. Yeah. Move your ass!

118 **INT. MIRIAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 118

MANNY
What happened!

119 **INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT** 114

TONY (v.o.)
Nothing we can't fix.

Tony hangs up.

120 **INT. MIRIAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 12c

MANNY
(grabs his pants)
I gotta go.

MIRIAM
This is worse than fucking a grasshopper, man.

MANNY
Hey, I'm better looking.'
(hits the coke again)
Don't do it all, I'll be back later.

CUT TO

121 **INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT** 12:

Tony ignores the doctor taping him, checking his watch.

TONY
(to Nick)
Nick, when we get there, call Lopez at three exactly. You got that? (X

NICK
Yeah, don't worry Tony. I got it.

TONY
All you say is you're one of the guys at the Club -- 'Hello, Mr. Lopez, there was a fuckup, he got away....'

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED 121

NICK
Yeah, Tony, I got it, no problem....

CUT TO

122 INT. LOPEZ MOTORS - NIGHT 122

Waldo remains outside, covering the street as Tony, Manny and Chi-chi move gingerly along the darkened showroom... Lopez's voice on the phone through the half-opened office door.

LOPEZ'S VOICE
...you're kidding! Three to two? Son of a bitch!...
(cradling the phone)
Guess what. My softball team, y'know, the Little Lopezers? They won the Division tonight. We're going to Sarasota for the State Championship...Hunh!

MUFFLED VOICE
Congratulations. That's great Frank.

Tony, Manny and Chi-chi slide into the *room,* the latter two with guns casually drawn.

123 INT. LOPEZ MOTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 123

TONY
Yeah, it sure is Frank. What'd you do -- fix the umpire?

Lopez, his nose in a glass of scotch, almost muffs it right there and then, but manages to recover.

LOPEZ
Tony...? Uh, I'll call you back...yeah.

Hangs the phone up and rocks forward at his desk.

Lopez's bodyguard, Ernie, gets the message from Chi-chi sliding along the wall next to him, Manny covering the other side of the room.

LOPEZ
Tony... what happened to you, hunh?

TONY
Yeah, lookit. They spoiled one of my $800 suits.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED 123

LOPEZ
Jesus! Who?

Tony, in his ripped suit, shoulder in a sling, face cut, shifts his eyes with camera slowly onto Mel Bernstein sitting there with a bourbon on the rocks, his two hundred and fifty pounds bulging with irritated surprise.

TONY
Hitters. Somebody musta brought 'em in. Never seen 'em before...Hiya Mel. Is there an answer to this too?

BERNSTEIN
(uneasy)
Always is Montana, always is....

LOPEZ
Jesus, Tony, maybe it was the Diaz Brothers, they got a deep beef going back to the 'Sun Ray' thing. (X)

TONY
Hey, you might be right.

LOPEZ
Anyway I'm glad you made it Tony, we'll return the favor for you. In spades.

TONY
(sits at the edge of Lopez's desk)
Nah, I'm gonna take care of this myself.

Pause.

LOPEZ
(awkward)
Well...What are the guns for Tony?

TONY
(s h r u g s)
What for? I'm paranoid I guess.

The phone rings.

Lopez lets the phone ring.

TONY
Why don't you answer it 'Frank?

CONTINUED

123 **CONTINUED • 2** 123

LOPEZ
Uh...Must be Elvira. You know women. After we left that joint she....

The phone rings again.

TONY
(reaches for it)
I'll tell her you're not here.

LOPEZ
(grabs the phone first)
Wait a minute! I'll talk to her.. .Hello?...
(anxious)
Yeah... all right honey, don't worry... I'll be home in an hour.

He hangs up. Pause.

TONY
Frank, you're a piece of shit.

LOPEZ
Whatcha talking 'bout Tony?

Tony, angry now, grabs Lopez by the shirt and hauls him forward across his desk so his gut lies flat across it.

TONY
You know what I'm talking about you fuckin' cockroach!

LOPEZ
Tony, no! Lissen!

TONY
You remember what a 'haza' is Frank? It's a pig that don't fly straight. Neither do you, Frank.

LOPEZ
(nervous)
Why would I hurt you, Tony, I brought you in! So we had a few differences, no big deal. I gave you *your* start Tony, I believed in you !

TONY
Yeah and I stayed loyal to you, Frank. I made what I could on the side but I never turned you Frank, never -- but you -- a man ain't got no word, he's a cockroach!

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED - 3 123

He squashes an imaginary cockroach right in front of Frank's eyes, then pulls him further across the desk, flailing.

LOPEZ
Mel! Mel! Do something, please!

Mel sits there impassively.

MEL
It's your tree Frank, you're sitting in it.

LOPEZ
Please Tony okay all right! Gimme a second chance! Ten million. I'll give you ten million dollars right now! I got it in a vault. In Spain. We'll get on a plane. It's yours, all of it...Elvira? You want Elvira? She's yours, okay! I go way Tony, I disappear, you'll never see me again. Just gimme a chance, gimme a second chance Tony, please... please!

He sobs pathetically.

LOPEZ
I don't wanna die Tony, I never did nothing to nobody Tony! I never hurt nobody!

TONY
Yeah you're right Frank, you always had somebody else do it for you.

He turns to Manny.

TONY
Manny, you mind shooting this piece of shit for me?

MANNY
Nah.

Tony steps aside.

LOPEZ
No! No! Tony!

Manny shoots him with the silencer. Three times.

Lopez crashes backwards, draped over his desk like Marat in his bathtub, amid his patriot flag and his Kennedy photographs.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED - 4 123

TONY
...Every dog has his day.

He fixes his eyes on Mel Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN
(remaining calmly in his chair)
I told him it didn't make sense -- clipping you when he coulda had you working for us instead. But he got hot tonight, y'know, about the broad. He fucked up.

TONY
Yeah, so did you, Bernstein.

His eyes...Bernstein, reading them, gets worried.

BERNSTEIN
Now wait a minute, Montana, don't go too far.

TONY
I'm not Mel. You are.

He produces his Baretta from his sling and holds it in his left hand pointed at the big man.

BERNSTEIN
(rising from his chair)
Hey, c'mon, what is this? You can't shoot a cop, Tony.

TONY
Whoever said you were one?

He fires.

Bernstein takes it in the gut, hits the floor, looks up astonished.

BERNSTEIN
.I. lemme go, Tony, I can fix things up....

TONY
Sure you can chico. Maybe you can hondle one of them first-class tickets -- to the Resurrection. So long, Mel, have a good trip. (X)

He fires several times into him until we can imagine he is no longer of the living. Tony turns towards the door.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED - 5 12

MANNY
(indicating the bodyguard)
What about him?

Tony notices.

The bodygurad, Ernie, the middle-aged Cuban,-waits stoically.

TONY
You want a job Ernie?

ERNIE
Sure, Tony.

TONY
Come see me tomorrow.

ERNIE
Thanks, Tony.

Tony walks out alone into the darkened showroom, past the hulks of the used Cadillacs, as we see the shadows of Manny and Chi-Chi moving in a stream of light.

MANNY (O-s.)
Okay, torch it!

CUT TO

124 INT. LOPEZ CONDO - THAT NIGHT

Elvira lies in her silk sheets. The doorbell rings. She gets up.

In a nightgown, she opens the front door.

ELVIRA
Tony?...

Tony, still in his ruined suit with the arm in a sling, moves past her into the apartment.

ELVIRA
What's happened?

Tony just stands there.

ELVIRA
Where's Frank?

TONY
Where do you think?..Why don't you go pack your stuff. We're going home.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED 124

Pause. She understands, moves quietly past him towards the bedroom.

Tony ambles over to the windows and steps out on the terrace, breathing in the air. The lights of Miami wink at his feet....

...the camera moving to one sign **down there** that says it all, flashing its **big** neon **bracelet ---**

THE WORLD IS YOURS

PAN AMERICAN. TO EUROPE, AFRICA, SOUTH AMERICA

Tony drinks it in.

CUT TO

Montage - Passing Time:

125 MULTI-SCREEN IMAGES 125

Spin to lively, marching music.

126 HANDS 126

counting money.

127 HANDS 12:

sealing cocaine **bags...quaaludes...marijuana.**

128 EXT. SOSA VILLA - DAY 12t

Sosa on the phone in **Bolivia.**

129 **INT. TONY'S MANSION** - DAY 129

Tony on the phone in Miami.

130 EXT. MONTANO REALTY - DAY 13(

Tony -- with Manny, **Gaspar,** and Ernie -- exits the Montana Realty Company in Little **Havana.**

131 EXT. MONTANA DIAMOND TRADING COMPANY - DAY 13:

Tony -- with **Manny, Gaspar and Gigi** -- enters **the Montana** Diamond Trading Company in Little **Havana.**

132 EXT. GASPAR'S STREET - DAY 132

One of the Marielitos, is ambushed and blown up in his car.

133 EXT. BANK - DAY 133

Camera moving from a sign saying "Banco Del Sur Miami" to Chi-Chi and Rafi unloading duffel bags from the back of a Volkswagen van in the parking lot of the bank. Tony and Manny supervise... the four of them now moving towards the bank bent under their weights-like a column of ants carrying the sugar. (X)

Tony shaking hands in an office with a young bank president (to be seen again). They sit down to talk.

134 INT. TONY'S MANSION - DAY 134

Chi-Chi's on the phone worried with Gigi. (X)

135 INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY 135

Manny's on the other end -- with another ladyfriend, both stripped down, the camera moving back down the telephone cord to the receiver....

CUT TO

136 INT. TAP TRAILER - DAY 13

The tap -- trailer -- simultaneous...the camera moving along the tape spools to the two narks listening.

137 EXT. STASH HOUSE - NIGHT 13

Rafi, another Marielito, is led off in handcuffs from a suburban stash house by the cops.

138 NEWSPAPER HEADLINES 13

"Raid Nets $100 Million Cocaine Stash!" Time Magazine covers.

139 VIC, THE NEWSCASTER ON TV 13

"135 drug-related homicides so far this year!"

139-A NICK THE PIG 139-A

shaking down punk in Cuban park.

139-B LITTLE HAVANA - NIGHT - GINA 139-B

exits flashy car.

140 OMITTED 140

141 HANDS 143

stripping false bottoms from suitcases.

142 EXT. GINA'S BEAUTY SALON - DAY 14:

Gina, with Tony, Manny, Waldo, Hernando, Gigi and Elvira looking on, cuts the ribbon for the new Gina Beauty Salons in Little Havana. She looks towards her brother, then her eyes linger on Manny. He suppresses his smile, winks at her.

143 INT. MENS' CLOTHING STORE - DAY 14:

Manny buying a new suit....

144 INT. TONY'S MOTHER'S KITCHEN - DAY 14

Mama washing dishes, looking up at the clock.

145 INT. TONY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 14

Elvira snorting.

146 OMITTED 14

147 INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE - DAY 14'

And Hernando, another of the Marielitos, now sprawls dead over a video machine in an amusement arcade.

148 EXT. MIAMI BEACH 141

...and a bloated Cigi floats in from the ocean onto the lush white surf of Miami Beach, alongside some kids playing with their shovels.

149 INT. MORGUE - DAY 149

...as the morgue piles up with rows of corpses, their tagged toes sticking out from under the white sheets like used cars.

...and the beat goes on.

CUT TO

150 EXT. TONY'S MANSION - MORNING - DAY 150

In an exclusive area of Coral Gables, surrounded by walls, security gates, acres of lawns and a guarded boat dock on a canal. Tony has erected his fortress-like Shangri-La, to which he has -- with a sense of humor -- added a large neon sign on the front lawn that says:

THE WORLD IS YOURS

MONTANA TRAVEL CO.

Just like it should be.

...as Tony and Elvira take their marriage vows in front of the Monsignor; the triumphant montage music rising to its full glory as a beggar's banquet of gang members and various girl friends (but no sign of kids) looks on. Chi-Chi is with a girl who looks like an animal, with an extremely short dress, looping earrings, the camera moving to Gina, her eyes covertly tracking to Manny who gazes back at her, evenly and openly as....

Tony and Elvira kiss.

151 EXT. TONY'S GROUNDS - SAME DAY 15

Tony, eating his wedding cake, his arm around Elvira, nuzzling her, shows his entourage his new hobby.

Across a moat of water, a striped nine-foot Bengal tiger stretches majestically under a solitary banyan tree, extending a giant claw and licking himself.

Tony and Chi-Chi kidding around with the tiger.

Intercut to:

151-A EXT. TONY'S MANSION - GUARD HOUSE - DAY 151-

Behind some nearby bushes, Gina and Manny are making out in the grass. They hear the sounds of Tony's voice, freeze, making shushing signals, then almost laugh when they consider their childish state.

CONTINUED .

151-A CONTINUED 151-A

From their point of view, we see Tony leading the entourage back to the mansion as Chi-Chi throws the Bengal his wedding cake.

CUT TO

151-B INT. TONY'S MANSION OFFICE - DAY - MONTH DATER 151-B

Tony, accompanied by Manny, walks a young, thirtyish bank president into his office, which is rigged with video monitors surveilling all areas *of* the house and grounds. There's an abundance of electronics -- televisions, sound systems, computer toys, video games, desk, couch, chairs -- but not one sign of a book on the walls.

Jerry, the Banker, is slickly dressed, hair coiffed, the eyes scooting shrewdly back and forth, the type of guy who follows the Hong Kong money markets on weekends, a guy who never stops thinking money.

TONY
...yeah, well, I can't pay that no more Jerry, I'm gonna be bringing in more'n I ever brung in, y'know. I'm talking ten million a month now. That's serious money. So I think it's time you bank boys come down a bit, y'know, like....

BANKER
Hey, Tony, c'mon, that's crazy, can't do....

TONY
That's too bad, 'cause....

BANKER
Tony, sweetheart, we're not a wholesale operation here, we're a legitimate bank. The more cash you give us the harder it is to rinse, y'know. The fact is we can't even take anymore of your money 'less we raise the rates on you.

TONY
You gonna what, Jerry?

BANKER
Tony, Tony, we gotta. The IRS is coming down heavy on South Florida, y'know. That Time Magazine cover didn't help any. We gotta do it

CONTINUED

151-B CONTINUED 151-B

BANKER (Cont'd)
Tony, we got stockholders, we gotta go ten percent on the first twelve million; that's in denominations of twenty. We'll go eight percent on your ten dollar bills and six points on your fives.

TONY
Ten points!

MANNY
Hey, Tony, we go someplace else.

BANKER
Tony, Tony -- it's no conspiracy, we're all doing it. You're not gonna find a better deal.

TONY
Then fuck you, I'll fly the cash to the Bahamas myself.

BANKER
You gonna fly it yourself, Tony -- on a regular basis? Once maybe. And then what? You gonna trust some monkey in a Bahamian bank with twenty million of your hard-earned dollars? C'mon Tony, don't be a schmuck -- who else can you trust? That's why you pay us what you do -- you trust us.

Tony looks broodingly. Jerry glances at his watch, suggesting he has another engagement,

BANKER
Stay with us, you're an old and well-liked customer. You're in good hands with us...gentlemen, I gotta run. How's married life? Say hello to the princess for me -- okay. She's beautiful. See you. Take care.

Going. Tony watches, raging inside. He pulls a drawer open and reaches for a private cocaine supply. It's the first indication we have of this. As he snorts:

TONY
That prick, that WASP whore. What's he think I am, some maricon *come* over on a boat....

MANNY
So why don't we talk to this Jew Seidelbaum? He's got his own exchange, he charges four percent tops -- and he's connected.

CONTINUED

151-B CONTINUED - 2 151-E

TONY
I don't know. Mob guys -- guineas -- I don't trust 'em.

On the video monitor, Tony watches Jerry, the Banker, leaving. Now beginning to see things through the glass darkly, Tony hits the other nostril quickly, casually -- passing the vial to Manny who does his hit.

TONY
(eyes wandering across to another video monitor)
You get the house sweeped this month? The cars?

MANNY
Yeah, sure, I told you that. Five thousand it set us back.

TONY
See that cable truck there?

152 INT. TONY'S MANSION OFFICE - DAY - VIDEO MONITORS 152

Tony's eyes fixing on the cable TV truck parked across the street. A man is hauling cable. There are other private gates visible. The area is lush with gardens, Spanish moss, cypresses and quietly respectable million dollar houses with their Spanish tile roofs and balconies.

MANNY
Yeah?

TONY
Hey Manny when does it take three days to rig a cable, hunh?

MANNY
cops.

TONY
What if it's the Diaz brothers? What if they're gonna come and get me?

MANNY
I'll check it out.

TONY
You check it out, then we're gonna blow that fuckin' truck back to Bogota.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

MANNY
The truck could be anything. We're not the only dopers living on the block y'know.

TONY
Hey you got some attitude y'know Manny -- for a guy in charge of my security.

MANNY
Hey I'll check it out. I'm just telling you we're spending too much on this counter-surveillance shit. Twelve percent y'know, of our adjusted gross -- that's not pocket money.

TONY
You worry about it, it lets me sleep good at night. There's that fat guy again.

Manny looks over at a jogger running by the gate -- of the porcine quality, civilian-looking, fifties.

TONY
I seen him every day. 'Bout a week now.

MANNY
So the guy jogs around the neighborhood. He's some fat accountant.

TONY
How the fuck do you know what he is?

MANNY
Hey if he's a cop don't you think running in circles around a house is a pretty dumb way to watch it?

TONY
Maybe not...
(walks away, stops, looks back)
I'm telling you we're getting sloppy -- our thinking -- our attitude. We're not fucking hungry anymore!

CUT TO

153 thru 157 OMITTED

A-158 EXT. TONY'S MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT A-158 (X)

158 INT. TONY'S MANSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON TELEVISION COMMERCIAL 158 (X)

A television spot for Florida Security Trust (or Miami Security Trust or Dade Security Trust depending on legal options). A respectable business-type walks along the sidewalk with a renascent downtown Mimi as a backdrop. Skyscrapers, glinting glass, cranes....

BANK SPOKESMAN
...Here at Florida Security Trust we've been putting your money to work for a better America. We've been around for seventy-five years. We'll be here tomorrow.

A logo for the firm over with the reminder "Since 1907."

Camera pulling back to reveal Tony watching in his huge gold-leaf bathtub, a cigar clenched between his teeth. He looks like a character in a Futzie Nutzie loafing cartoon, with his TV hooked to one side of the tub, a long phone line to the other, and a radio and portable bar all within reach.

TONY
(to the TV)
Yeah that's 'cause for seventy-five years you been fucking all of us over, that's why.
(to Manny)
Somebody oughta do something about these whores. Charging me ten points on my money and they're getting away with it! There's no laws anymore, anything goes.

MANNY
Listen, these guys been here for a thousand years. They got all the angles figured.

Manny straddles a chair next to the tub watching the TV news that was interrupted by the Florida Security Trust commerical. Behind him Elvira's in a robe, fixing herself up in front of a giant mirror. It's some bathroom -- gigantic with a chandelier hanging in the middle of it, rugs, Italian marble, plants, skylights, etc....

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED 158

TONY
You know what capitalism is -- Getting fucked.

ELVIRA
A true capitalist if ever I met one.

She's doing a toot of coke off a flat mirror.

TONY
How would you know, bubblehead? You ever do nothing 'sides get your hair fixed and powder your nose? You do too much of that shit anyway.

ELVIRA
Nothing exceeds like excess. You should know that Tony.

TONY
Know what? Why do you always got to talk like that?

MANNY
(changing the subject)
So I had a pow-wow with this guy Seidelbaum today. He checks out. I got another meet set up.

TONY
When?

MANNY
Thursday ten o'clock. I thought I'd take Chi-Chi with me. Do a million and some change. Get my- feet wet with this guy. (X)

TONY
That's a lot of wet. I'm not Rockefeller. Not yet. (X)

Tony points to a figure on the TV.

TONY
Hey, listen to this, guy's always good for a laugh. (X)

Visual of silver-haired television Anchorman -- Vic Phillips -- with a bit of show business image in him -- to be seen again. Underneath his face, it says "Editorial."

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED • 2 158

NEWS ANCHORMAN
...the question is how with a small law enforcement budget do you put a dent in an estimated $100 billion a year business? It seems at times all you can do is put your finger in the dike and pray but now we are hearing voices that say the only way we can solve the drug problem is the same way Prohibition was solved. Not by outlawing the substances but by legalizing and taxing them. These voices say that will drive out the organized crime element...
(pause for effect)
I am not one of those voices.

TONY
(responding) (X)
What do you know -- you never been right in your life, Vic baby...
(to Manny)
Guy never fuckin' tells the truth. It's the guys like him, the bankers and the politicians who want to keep the coke illegal so's they can make more money and get the votes to fight the bad guys. They're the bad guys. They'll fuck anything for a buck....

ELVIRA
And what about you Tony? Can't you stop talking about it all the time, can't you stop saying fuck? -- it's boring, it's boring!

TONY
What's boring?

ELVIRA
You're boring. Money, money, money! (X)
That's all I hear in this house. Frank never talked about money.

TONY
'Cause Frank was dumb.

ELVIRA (X)
You know what you've become Tony -- an arriviste, an immigrant spic millionaire who can't stop talking.

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED • 3 158

ELVIRA (Cont'd)
about how much money he's got or how he's getting fucked. Why don't you just dig a hole in the garden honey and bury it and forget it.

TONY
What're you talking about, I worked *my ass* off for all this.
(indicates the bathroom)

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED - 3 15

ELVIRA
(starts out)
It's too bad. Somebody should've given it to you. You would've been a nicer person.

TONY
Hey you know what your problem is pussycat....

ELVIRA
(at the lip of the bathroom)
What is my problem, Tony?

TONY
. ..you got nothing to do with your life that's what.

MANNY
Tony, c'mon....

TONY
Why don't you get a job y'know? Be a nurse, work with blind kids, lepers, open a stationary store, I don't give a shit. Anything beats lying around waiting for me to fuck you all the time. (X)

ELVIRA
(stung)
Don't toot your horn, honey, you're not that good.

TONY
Frank was better?

ELVIRA
(quietly)
You're an asshole.

She goes.

TONY
(calling after her, guilty)
Hey c'mon Elvie, whatta we fight for, this is dumb!

He splashes the water in his tub and slams the TV shut.

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED - 4 158

MANNY
(watching)
I guess married life's not all that it's cracked up to be, hunh, chico?

A friendly smile but Tony just stares glumly after Elvira.

MANNY
(rises)
I gotta hot date....

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED - 4 158

TONY
(glaring into his bathwater)
This Seidelbaum thing?

MANNY
Yeah?

TONY
Me and Nick'll take care of it. You stay out of it.

MANNY
(very surprised)
why! It's my deal.

TONY
You stink as a negotiator, that's why. You like the ladies more'n you do the money -- that's your problem Manny.

MANNY
Hey wait a second, I'm your partner Tony, you can't trust me, who the fuck can you trust?.

Pause. Tony mumbles something, barely heard.

TONY
Junior partner.

(catching)
Junior partner my ass!

TONY
I'm in charge. Do as I say. You go to Atlanta, you handle the Gomez delivery there.

MANNY
(a beat)
You oughta lissen to your wife, muchacho. You are an asshole.

He leaves, pissed, Tony mumbling to himself in his bath.

TONY
(to himself)
Fuck you too...what do you know, who the hell put things together...me! Who do I trust -- me, that's who....

DISSOLVE TO

159 EXT. WAREHOUSE - ALONGSIDE MIAMI FREEWAY - DAY 15

Tony and Nick The Pig get out of a van, frowning in the glary sunlight. From the continual sound of jet aircraft taking off and landing we might **sense we're near** an airport.

As Nick hauls a duffel bag on his back, Tony, carrying **a** suitcase of his own, reads the sign on top of the warehouse: "CONSOLIDATED CARRIES INC.

160 INT. SEIDELBAUM OFFICE - WAREHOUSE - DAY 16

The office is bare and ugly, the furniture naugahyde black. There's **noise** from an outer office, and people on phones, moving, talking.

Tony and Nick sit on a couch stacking twenty dollar bills from the duffel bag and suitcase onto a coffee table.

Two men in casual sports clothing sit opposite them in chairs, one of them -- Seidelbaum -- squaring the bills and passing them efficiently through a money-counting machine which clicks at rhythmic intervals throughout the scene. Seidelbaum's a small, **fat 7th Avenue-type** with **a** lot of rings on his fingers and sharp, porky eyes.

The other guy -- Luis -- **a** dark Cuban, **is** long, lean and smooth with aquiline nose and dancing eyes. He drinks coffee, smiles a lot and bullshits -- two sordid guys who look the part.

It's a tedious process counting a million five in twenties, it takes four/five hours; and throughout the desultory dialogue Tony, absorbed by the money, and Nick never stop the monotonous work of counting and stacking and noting the amounts. At all times all four men, thoroughly aware of the large stacks on the table, move and talk gingerly although they appear casual and bored. They drink a lot of coffee.

LUIS
...yeah back then I worked in pictures down in Columbia. **I** was in that picture Burn, y'ever see it?..with **Marlon** Brando. We're good friend. I was his driver....

NICK
(stacking)
Oh yeah?

LUIS
Yeah, in Caragena, they shot it there ...Gillo Pontecorvo, he **was** the director. Italian guy.

CONTINUED .

160 CONTINUED 160

LUIS (Cont'd)
(pause)
Yeah, I also know Paul Newman. I worked with him in Tucson.

NICK THE PIG
That so? Say, you know Benny Alvarez there?

LUIS
Uh....

SEIDELBAUM
(interrupting to Tony)
Now you want a company check here for $283,107.65?

TONY
(pause, checking his fingers)
Uh... I come up with 284.6

SEIDELBAUM
(pauses, looks again at his figures)
No, that's just not possible. The machine don't make mistakes.

TONY
Well, we'll count it again.

SIEDELBAUM
Oh Jesus!

TONY
Hey business is business. We're talking $1500.

SEIDELBAUM
(exasperated)
Okay, you keep the change okay, I don't give a shit.

TONY
Okay but I'll go through it again with you.

Seidelbaum ignores it, counting up another stack.

SEIDELBAUM
Okay... This check now, this one goes to the....

TONY
Montana Realty Company.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED - 2 160

NICK
(to Luis)
How come you don't know Benny Alvarez?

DISSOLVE TO

161 INT. SEIDELBAUM'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY 161

They're drinking another round of coffee, exhausted, smoke filling the room. The table now resembles a Mount Everest of green and they're still counting. The money, like discarded food, is spread all over the place -- in boxes, brown paper bags, on the couch. They stretch, rub their eyes.

SEIDELBAUM
We're up to what?

LUIS
(consulting his notes)
Seven checks. A million three hundred twenty-five and six hundred twenty-three ...plus eighteen cents. (X)

TONY
(grins)
Hey we're almost finished. Another 200 thousand and we can take a leak.

SIEDELBAUM
Yeah but this'll do fine.

Fulls a pistol from his ankle and rises.

SEIDELBAUM
You're under federal arrest, Montana, for a continuing criminal conspiracy. The Rico Statute. Get 'em up.

Tony astonished.

TONY
Oh shit...You're not kidding hunh? (X)

Eyes darting. Considering the options. The little fat man's eyes are suddenly agile and mean...Tony reads them, lifts his arms. (X)

SEIDELBAUM
(to Luis) (X)
Get it.
(X)

CONTINUED

161 CONTINUED 161

Luis moves around Tony to disarm him.

TONY
So how do I know you guys are cops?

Luis, produces a wallet with identification, shoves it under Tony's nose.

LUIS
What's that say, asshole?

Insert: Photograph and Drug Enforcement Agency ID.

TONY
(impressed)
Hey that's good work, where can I get one of those?

LUIS
Cabron! You call yourself Cuban? You make a real Cuban throw up.

SEIDELBAUM
Looie! Cool it.

TONY
(unfazed; wiping the sweat off)
Call your dog off, Seidelbaum. I wanna call my lawyer.

SEIDELBAUM
Lotta good he's gonna do you Montana. There's an eye there in the wall.
(points)
Say hi, honey....

162 INT. SEIDELBAUM'S WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY - REVERSE ANGLE ON VIDEOTAPE

Blurry image of the men in the room. Tony is not that clear an image as he glances briefly, uninterested, into the camera.

TONY
Yeah, is that what you jerk off in front of Seidelbaum?

CONTINUED

162 CONTINUED

NICK
Oh shit and I was supposed to meet this chick at three. What a pain in the ass.

SEIDELBAUM
(to camera)
Okay, Danny, turn it off.

The angle goes black.

163 BACK TO SCENE 163

SEIDELBAUM
(reciting the Miranda)
All right, Montana, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be taken against you. You have the....

TONY
(cuts him off)
I know all that shit, Seidelbaum, save your breath. It ain't gonna stick. You know it, I know it. I'm here changing dollar bills is all. So you wanna waste everybody's time here, I call my lawyer. Best lawyer in Miami. He's so good tomorrow morning you're gonna be working in Alaska, Seidelbaum....

As they handcuff him....

DISSOLVE TO

164 INT. TONY'S BATHROOM - DAY 164

"Drug King Posts Record $5 Million Bond" -- a front page photo of Tony, Elvira, and Sheffield, the lawyer.

CUT TO

165 INT. TONY'S BATHROOM - DAY 165

Tony, tense, checks himself in the mirror, adjusts his hair. A vial of coke appears. He snorts a large amount, goes out. It's the first time we sense he might be using the stuff on a steady and increasingly heavy basis.

CUT TO

166 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 166

Tony is pacing nervously. Manny looks on. Red-headed Sheffield rasps through a cloud of cigarette smoke behind his desk.

SHEFFIELD
. . .you give me a check for a hundred grand plus three hundred in cash and I guarantee you walk on the conspiracy charge. But they're gonna come back at us on a tax evasion -- and they'll get it.

TONY
What am I looking at?

SHEFFIELD
Five years, you'll be out in three, maybe less if I can make a deal.

TONY
Three years in the can! For what! For washing money? This whole country's built out of washed money!

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED 16

MANNY
Hey, Tony, what's three years? It's not like Cuba here. It's like going to a hotel.

Tony shakes his head, grimacing like he's having an epileptic fit.

SHEFFIELD
I'll delay the trial. A year and a half, two years, you won't start doing time till '85.

TONY
No...no, they never get me back in a cage.. .never! Hey, George I go another four hundred grand -- I go 800,000 dollars, okay? With that you can fix the Supreme Court, hunh?

SHEFFIELD
Tony.. .the law has to prove 'beyond a reasonable doubt.' I'm an expert at raising that doubt but when you got a million three undeclared dollars staring into a videotape camera, honeybaby, it's hard to convince a jury you found it in a taxi cab.

Tony paces back and forth like a tiger, corking his fury. Abruptly coming to a decision, he whirls and leans across Sheffield's desk.

TONY
All right...all right. I do the three fuckin' years but lemme tell you about my law, George. It's real simple. There's no 'reasonable doubt.' If you're rain-making the judge or you fuck me for the four hundred grand and I come in guilty on the big rap -- you, the judge, the prosecutor, nothing's gonna stop me, y'hear? I'm gonna come and tear your fuckin' eyeballs out.

Pause.

SHEFFIELD
(cool)
The point is made. Now where's the money?

Tony nods to Manny who hauls a briefcase up on Sheffield's desk. Tony abruptly walks out, a vial appearing in his hands as he steps out of the office. He sniffs. .

CUT TO

167 EXT. SOSA VILLA - BOLIVIA - DAY 167

Camera follows Tony with Ernie and Chi-Chi down the outside gallery onto the veranda where Sosa is reclining with several other men -- all in casual clothes, enjoying their coffee after lunch.

SOSA
(rising)
Tony...Tony.

TONY
Alex.

They hug like they were the closest of friends.

SOSA
I'm glad you made it on such short notice. I appreciate it. How's Elvira?

TONY
She's okay. How's your wife?

SOSA
Three more months.

TONY
That's great.

SOSA
And you, when are you going to have another Tony to take your place.

TONY
(sore point)
I'm working on it.

SOSA
I guess you'll have to work harder, Tony.

They laugh, *nervously.* Sosa is a little more reserved with him than before -- in tune with the other men at the meeting.

SOSA
Tony, come, I want you to meet some friends of mine.

He smoothly guides Tony towards the group of men who rise.

SOSA
This is Pedro Quinn, chairman of Andes Sugar here...Tony Montana.

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED 167

PEDRO QUINN
A pleasure, Mr. Montana.

Camera tracking through ad-lib introductions, the music assuming a faint martial stride.

SOSA
General Eduardo Strasser, Commander of the First Army Corps...Tony Montana.

The man is in civilian clothes.

SOSA
Ariel Bleyer, from the Ministry of the Interior...Tony Montana.

The cameras moving past Sosa's black aide, the Skull (who nailed Omar) silent behind his sunglasses, to an American-type in a Brook6 Brothers suit who stands.

SOSA
...Charles Goodson -- a friend of ours from Washington.

TONY
Hi....

GOODSON
How do you do, Mr. Montana....

He smells like a government guy. Sosa summons the black aide -- in a hushed voice.

SOSA
Nicky, have Alberto meet us in the living room.

The black aide goes.

SOSA
(solicitous)
Tony, come, please sit here.

Tony is shown a chair in the middle of the veranda, surrounded on all sides. There is a strained beat to the proceedings. Ernie and Chi-Chi hang around the edges.

He suddenly catches a glimpse of the sloe-eyed Gabriella moving with another woman past a window of the house. Then she's gone.

Sosa pulls up a chair right opposite Tony, almost touching knees.

SOSA
Tony, I want to discuss something that concerns all of ushere....

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED - 2 16

TONY
Sure, Alex.

SOSA
Tony, you have a problem; we have a problem... I think we can solve both our problems.

Tony waits.

SOSA
We all know you have tax troubles in your country -- and you may have to do a little *time.* But we have some friends in Washington who tell us these troubles can be taken care of ...maybe you'll have to pay a big fine and some back interest, but there's no time....

Pause. Tony looks. The American guy, Goodson, shifts his gaze away.

TONY
And *your* problem, Alex?

Sosa looks around, stands up.

SOSA
Come , I'll show you.

Tony cautiously stands to follow him.

CUT TO

168 INSERT - INT. SOSA VILLA LIVING ROOM - DAY - VIDEOTAPE - MATOS STUDY 168

A "Phil Donahue-type" setting. A segment now in progress with the "Donahue-type" interviewing Dr. Orlando Gutierrez. (X) Gutierrez is a young charismatic man, very well dressed and polished in a South American manner who exudes a sense of enormous passion.

GUTIERREZ
...More than 10,000 of our people are being tortured and held without trial. In the past two years, another 6,000 have simply disappeared. And your government -- what does it do? It sells *my* government tanks, planes, guns, but not a word -- not-a whisper -- about human rights!

CONTINUED

168 CONTINUED 168

INTERVIEWER
I've heard whispers, Doctor Gutierrez, about the financial support your government receives *from* the drug industry in Bolivia.

GUTIERREZ
The irony, of course, is that this money -- which is in the billions, Jim -- is coming from your country. You are the major purchaser of our national product -- which of course is cocaine.

INTERVIEWER
So what you're saying Doctor Gutierrez is the United States Government is spending millions of dollars to eliminate the flow of drugs into our streets and at the same time is doing business with the very same government that floods those streets with cocaine...that's a bit like robbing Peter to pay Paul, isn't it?

GUTIERREZ
(laughs)
Let me show you some of the other characters in the comedy, Jim...my organization just recently traced a purchase by this man ---

Gutierrez holds up a photograph -- insert the face on the TV screen, dour, ruthless.

GUTIERREZ
...here he is, the charming face belongs to General Cucombre, the Defense Minister of my country. Two months ago he bought a twelve million dollar villa on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. Now if he's supposed to be the Bolivian Defense Minister, what's he doing living in Switzerland? Guarding the cash register?

Laughter.

169 TONY 169.

watching, touching his nose a lot, blowing it, hyped from the coke usage.

SOSA
...a Communist -- financed by Moscow.

170 GUTIERREZ 170 (X)

holds up another photograph -- insert the face on the TV screen.

GUTIERREZ (X)
...this is Alejandro Sosa. Interesting character. A wealthy landowner. Educated in England. Good family. The business brain and drug overlord of an empire stretching across the Andes. Not your ordinary drug dealer....

INTERVIEWER (X)
What are you suggesting we do about this, Doctor?

GUTIERREZ (X)
(passionate)
The United States Government has to stop supporting these facist gangsters that are running my country, that is what your country has to do. You have to set a strong example by calling for the observation of fundamental human rights.

171 TONY 171

staring intently at him, reluctantly impressed.

GUTIERREZ (X)
You Americans have no idea how important your country is as a symbol and a bastion of those rights. You have no....

Sosa flips off the television. The lights come on. He's alone with Tony.

SOSA
...he's scheduled next for 60 Minutes. He's going on French, British, Italian, Japanese television. People everywhere are starting to listen to him. He's embarrassing, Tony...That's our problem.

TONY
Yeah.

Sosa looks up.

171 CONTINUED 171

The Shadow (seen before at the disposal of Omar) comes into the room, thin and quiet, his venomous eyes flicking over Tony. The Skull leads him in.

SOSA
You've met Alberto before?...

TONY
(remains seated)
Sure. How could I forget?

SOSA
Alberto, you know Tony Montana -- my partner from Florida.

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED 171

Alberto nods icily, remains standing adjacent.

SOSA
(to **Tony**)
So you see **Alberto** here is going to help fix our problem. Alberto, you know, is an expert in the disposal business -- but he doesn't know his way around the States too well, he doesn't speak English, and he needs **a** little help...
(**then**)
Is that a problem, Tony?

Tony looks around the faces, then:

TONY
That's no problem, Alex....

Alex nods, pleased.

Hold on Tony. He blows his nose again.

CUT TO

172 INT. THE **LAUNDRY** RESTAURANT - MIAMI - NIGHT . 172

A millionaire's place, like "The Forge" on Arthur Godfrey Road.

Tony, Elvira, and Manny are shown to their table by the maitre d'.

Tony, a little loaded, intersects **a** group of people **at** another table and stops, putting his hand on a heavyset **man's shoulder.**

TONY
Hey, Vic, I watch **your show everyday.**

Vic -- who we **saw** before editorializing on **television** -- cranes his leonine white head of hair around with **a** patrician annoyance reserved for bores in restaurants.

VIC
Oh, is that so?

TONY
Yeah. Hey, you **know that *two* hundred** kilo DEA bust you **was congratulating** the cops **for** on the toob the other night?

VIC
Aren't you...**Tony** Montana?

CONTINUED

172 CONTINUED 17

TONY
(beaming now, ignoring Manny who comes to retrieve him)
Yeah, that's me.

The half-dozen rich people in the dinner party are intrigued.

TONY
(waves to them)
Hi folks, don't get up. Anyway, Vic, check it out. I heard like it was 220 kilos went down. That means twenty is missing, right? Ask your friends, the cops, about that -- and keep up the good work, Vic, but don't believe everything you hear, y'know what I mean? Okay, have a good dinner, nice to meet you people.

Waves farewell to them, pats Vic once more on the shoulder, and leaves them murmuring.

MANNY
(reproving)
Hey, Tony, that's not cool, he's got a lotta friends in....

TONY
I don't give a fuck. He's an ass-hole! Never fucking tells the truth on TV! That's the trouble in this country. Nobody fucking tells the truth!

Not caring if he's overheard, Tony seems to be in the grip of an anguish he does not understand.

CUT TO

173 TONY 17

sits with Manny and Elvira, who is dipping into a vial of coke in the purse in her lap. Another huge meal is being consumed, the best roast beef, bottles of red and white wine, cigars....

MANNY
...so what's the big mystery, what happened down there with Sosa?

TONY
Lot of bullshit, that's what. Politics. The whole world's turning into politics.

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED 173

He pulls out his own vial under the table between eating and drinking.

MANNY
The one thing we always stayed out of was politics, Tony.

TONY
Yeah, so what do you think Emilio Rebenga was? Politics or what?

Manny remembers.

TONY
No free rides in this world, kid.

MANNY
So who's this guy you brought back with you, the guy who don't blink?

ELVIRA
What guy?

TONY
(to Manny)
You stay out of it. Run things down here. 1'11 be up in New York next week.

He takes a hit, unnoticed.

ELVIRA
(unheard)
What guy?

MANNY
(to Tony)
I don't like it.

TONY
You don't like it! It was you got me into this mess in the first place with that fuckin' Seidelbaum!

MANNY
What's Seidelbaum got to do with this?

Tony sighs, turning his attention to Elvira. He surveys the table with the bored satiety of a Roman Emperor, points to Elvira's untouched plate.

TONY
Why don't you eat your food, what's wrong with it?

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED - 2 17:

ELVIRA
I'm not hungry.

She quickly does one nostril with a quick, practiced movement of her hand.

TONY
So what'd you order it for?

ELVIRA
I lost my appetite.

She does the other nostril. Tony looking at her. One beat. Two beats. He passes a silent burp.

MANNY
(trying to shift the mood)
So what about the trial? I heard Sheffield thinks he can get a new postponement....

Tony, bleary-eyed now and drunk, continues to look at Elvira, then away, encompassing the restaurant.

TONY
(ignoring the question)
Is this it? Is that what it's all about, Manny? Eating, drinking, snorting, fucking? Then what? You're fifty and you got a bag for a belly and tits with hair on 'em and your liver's got spots and you're looking like these rich fuckin' mummies in here? Is that what it's all about?

MANNY
It's not so bad Tony, could be worse....

TONY
(doesn't hear)
...is that what I worked 'for? With these hands? Is that what I killed for? For this?
(turns his gaze stonily on Elvira)
A junkie??? I gotta fucking junkie for a wife? Who never eats nothing, who wakes up with a quaalude, who sleeps all day with black shades on, who won't fuck me 'cause she's in a coma!

MANNY
(gently)
Tony, you're drunk.

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED - 3 173

TONY
...is this how it ends? And I thought I was a winner? Fuck it man, I can't even have a fucking kid with her, her womb's so polluted, I can't even have a fucking little baby!

Elvira reacts -- wanting to kill. She gets up and dumps her plate filled with food on him. Slop drips all *over* him.

ELVIRA
You sonufabitch! You fuck!

They got a black tie audience now. The waiter tipping around to clean up the mess. Tony slowly wiping the food off himself.

ELVIRA
How dare you talk to me like that! You call yourself a man! What makes you so much better than me, what do you do? Deal drugs? Kill people? Oh that's just wonderful Tony -- a real contribution to human history. You want a kid. What kind of father do you think you'd make, Tony? What kind of stories are you going to tell the kid before he goes to sleep at night? You going to drive him to school in the mornings, Tony? You really think you're still going to be alive by the time he goes to school, Tony? You're dreaming, Tony, you're dreaming!

The audience is hushed, involved, the camera moving over the faces of Vic and his rich friends.

Tony acidly quiet, looks around at the people, back to her.

TONY
Sit down before I kill you.

ELVIRA
... You think of yourself as a husband, too, Tony. But did you ever stay home without having six of your goons around all the time? I have Nick the Pig as a friend? What kind of life is that Tony? What kind of life is that?

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED - 4 173

ELVIRA (Cont'd)
(in a softer tone)
Oh Tony don't you see? Don't you see what we've become? We're losers, honey, we're not winners, we're losers....

Silence. Tony's fury has passed. So has Elvira's. There's this awkwardness all of a sudden like two actors who forgot their lines.

TONY
(softly)
Go on, get a cab home, you're stoned.
(to Manny)
Manny.

ELVIRA
No, I'm not stoned Tony. You're stoned. You're so stoned you don't even know it.

TONY
All right I'm stoned. Manny.

MANNY
(rising, trying to put his arm on Elvira)
Come on, baby.

ELVIRA
No, no you stay right there Manny, I'm not going home with you...I'm not going home with anybody. I'm going home alone...
(staring at Tony)
I'm leaving you. I don't need this shit anymore.

Pause. She starts wobbling out. Past the silent spectators, their eyes moving between her and Tony.

Manny rises to follow.

TONY
Let her go! ..Another quaalude and she'll love me again.

Stumbling once, Elvira disappears out the door. Tony's eyes follow her. Pause.

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED - 5 173

The whole room is watching him sitting there covered with food, the silence cathedral. He stands, wiping at the food and throwing several hundred dollar bills on the table, then looks up angrily at the staring millionaires.

TONY
You're all assholes. You know why? 'Cause none of you got the guts to be what you want to be.

He wobbles against the table. Manny tries to help. Tony shakes him loose.

TONY
You need people like me so you can point your fingers and say 'hey there's the bad guy!' So what does that make you? Good guys? Don't kid yourselves. You're no better'n me. You just know how to hide -- and how to lie. Me I don't have that problem. I always tell the truth -- even when I lie.

He starts out, staggers.

TONY
So say good night to the bad guy... You're never gonna see a bad guy like me again.

He walks out, proud, Manny bringing up the rear. The room is empty for a beat -- an extended beat, the stage without its star -- and then the audience begins to buzz with horror and delight.

CUT TO

174 EXT. GUITERREZ' STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT 174

A quiet East Eighties street. Two rich-looking male lovers stroll past with their dog. A moment of silence. Tony moves into frame.

Behind him, the Shadow (Alberto) moves towards a sedan parked along the curb, carrying an airline bag. Be slips under the car.

Tony looks:

135 ERNIE 175

down the street at the intersection of the avenue, surveying traffic, signals okay.

176 CHI-CHI 176

waits in Tony's sedan double-parked down the block.

Tony, feeling everything's okay, does a nervous, quick snort, paces next to the vehicle the Shadow disappeared under.

Ground level -- the Shadow, using a pen flashlight, removes the bomb from the bag. With subtly inexorable music, the camera frames and moves on the bomb -- wired, soldered, taped -- a malignant centipede in the long agile fingers of the Shadow, who delicately presses a tester. A glass button on the bomb now flashes red at soothing intervals as the Shadow winds a roll of black tape from the bomb to an axle of the car.

177 ERNIE 177

si-gnals.

178 TONY 178

sees it.

A cop car comes cruising off the avenue up the street, towards us,

Ground level -- the Shadow continues to wind his black tape trying to secure the bomb as tight as possible.

Tony hurries to the car, bends down.

TONY
(Spanish)
Psst! La Jara! Apaga. (X)

The Shadow douses it and freezes in position.

Tony looks up just as the cop car pulls alongside, the passenger cop, a female, noticing him, saying something to her partner who eases the car to a halt.

Tony hurries out into the street, taking the initiative.

TONY
Hey officer, uh you haven't seen a little dog have you, a little white poodle, it's around here somewhere? Jesus my kid's gonna go crazy when he hears I lost 'im. Oh boy am I gonna be in trouble.

FEMALE COP
Why don't you check the ASPCA okay? They handle that stuff....

TONY
The ASPCA? What's that?.. Jesus, that's not the place where they chop these dogs up is it?

FEMALE COP
(in a hurry)
Look it up in the Yellow Pages okay, buddy.
(signal to her partner, they drive off)

Tony looks at them go, takes another snort, walks over to the car, bangs on the hood several times.

TONY
Hey smiley, come on outta there, you're under arrest!

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED 178

Pause. The Shadow, unsmiling, appears from under the car. gun drawn, glowing with perspiration. When he realizes it's a joke, his eyes blaze at Tony.

SHADOW
(Spanish)
What the fuck you doing!

TONY
(winks)
Hey that was close, hunh?

CUT TO

179 EXT. GUITERREZ' STREET - NEW YORK - DAY - EARLY NEXT MORNING 179 (X

Ernie, Chi-Chi, and the Shadow huddle cold and uncomfortable in the sedan, waiting -- eating pizzas and drinking beers. The morning has come down ice cold.

180 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NEW YORK - DAY 180

At the phone booth up the corner, *Tony* -- unshaven, bleary-eyed -- is rapping on the phone.

TONY
...Yeah, yeah...nah, nah...you tell Sheffield keep his nose out of it, there's not gonna be no trial, I got everything under control, yeah...Have you heard from Elvira? (X

He waits, hangs up, snorts some more, impatient. He picks up the phone again, starts dialing. (X

181 INT. TONY'S NEW YORK SEDAN - DAY 18:

In the sedan, the Shadow *peers* over, angry, at Tony.

SHADOW
(Spanish)
What the fuck's he doing now! That sonufabitch....

182 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NEW YORK - DAY 182

In the booth, Tony, snorting another nostril, moves back and forth as the phone rings at the other end. Finally she picks up,

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED 182

ELVIRA'S VOICE (X)
Yes?

TONY
Hello baby, how's Baltimore?..hey look Elvie, I been thinkin' 'bout us, you know and.... (X)

The phone goes dead. Furious he slams it back down, stalks back out to the sidewalk. (X)

183 OMITTED 183 (X)

184 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 184

He gets in the driver'6 seat. The Shadow's next to him with the radio transmitter, Chi-Chi, in the back. Tony, seemingly unaffected by the weather, reaches for an open pint of ice cream, starts eating it with a plastic spoon. He alternates ice cream with coke through the scene, the dashboard of the car cluttered with cartons of half-eaten Chinese food. (X)

The Shadow, disgusted with all this mess, restrains himself, staring out at the street with a hate-filled expression, saying nothing.

CHI-CHI
(concerned)
Everything okay Tony?

TONY
Yeah roses. Where is this fuckin' guy? I don't got all day to piss away.

CHI-CHI
Probably fucking his wife.
(eating pizza)
Jeezus it's cold.

185 THEIR POINT OF VIEW THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY 185

The door of the brownstone. No movement. Though now there's increasing traffic on the street and passing pedestrians.

TONY
...we oughta shoot him when he comes out the door, save a lotta bullshit.

186 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 186

CHI-CHI
What's so important about this guy anyway? What's he a Communist? (X)

TONY
(snorting through his mouth)
Nah he's no Communist. He's a kinda symbol, that's what he is. (X)

CHI-CHI
What the fuck's that mean -- symbol?

TONY
It's like when you die, your life meant something to somebody, y'know? It wasn't like you just lived it for yourself, but you did something for the rest of the human race too....

Tony snorts another line -- seen through the rearview mirror.

CHI-CHI
(nods his head somberly)
Yeah?

TONY
Me, I wanna die fast. With my name written in lights all over the sky. Tony Montana. He died doin' it.

CHI-CHI
Whatcha talking 'bout Tony, you ain't gonna die.

TONY
(doesn't hear him)
...So I'll end up in a coffin. So what? The cockroach fires the bullet's gonna end up in a coffin just like me. But I lived better when I was here. And that's what counts.

Pause.

TONY
(nervous, to Ernie)
Ernie, what time?

186 CONTINUED - 2 186

ERNIE
Ten to.

TONY
(opening his door)
I gotta call Manny.

He starts out the door. The Shadow barks out something in preemptory Spanish.

SHADOW
(Spanish)
Sit down!

TONY
Hey, you don't tell me what to do, you,...

CHI-CHI
Tony, he's coming!

187 EXT. MATOS' STREET - DAY 18

Tony looks around, sees:

Matos coming out the door, briefcase in hand.

Tony gets back in the car.

188 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY 18

Matos gets into his sedan a quarter block down from his front door.

189 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 18

Tony staring.

The Shadow, most excited of all, like a panther that just spotted his prey, eyes alive for the first time.

190 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY 19

Matos sits there warming up his car, looking back at the brownstone.

191 **INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY** 191

SHADOW
(Spanish, excited)
...The UN -- right in front of it. In the daylight. That's the way they want it.

Tony breaks **open a** fresh vial.

TONY
(English)
Hey okay I don't give a shit where, okay, you can blow him up when you like okay, just tell me okay -- when you like.

The chatter comes out jagged, irritating the Shadow who doesn't understand Tony's English anyway.

SHADOW
(Spanish; to Chi-Chi)
What's **he saying!** You tell him **stay** inside thirty metres of the ca,r **okay** -- no **more** you just stay inside thirty metres.

TONY
(English)
Hey okay I heard you the the first time. One time **okay.** Just tell **me** one time.
(snorts)

SHADOW
(Spanish)
I tell you thirty metres **okay! You** understand, **madre de dios, why this** hop-head is driving!

CHI-CHI
Okay, **okay.**

TONY
(English)
Okay, okay, cool it willya all right.

192 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY 19

Matos pulls his car out *of* the **parking space.**

Tony puts his car in **gear,** prepares to **pull** out when:

CONTINUED

192 CONTINUED 19

Matos stops his car, backs up -- in the direction of his front door.

TONY
What the ---

Matos comes to a halt, double-parked, honks.

193 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 19

T O N Y
(to Chi-Chi)
What's he doing? Where's he going?

194 MATOS' BROWNSTONE - SIDEWALK - DAY 19

The wife opens the door, steps out -- followed, moments later, by two schoolchildren, books in hand. Matos waves to them to come along.

195 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 19

Tony looks astonished, back at Chi-Chi.

TONY
What the fuck! You said the wife took 'em in the other car.

CHI-CHI
She did boss. She did it every fucking day, I swear!

196 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY 19

The two children are now climbing in the back of Matos' sedan, the wife getting into the pasenger seat. They drive off.

197 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 19:

Tony, upset now, goes to his vial, snorts, turns sharply to the Shadow.

TONY
Hey chico, no fuckin' way! No wife, no kids! We hit this fuckin' guy we hit him alone okay.

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED 197

SHADOW
(Spanish)
No! Mr. Sosa says we do it now.
We do it. Co.

He has the strength of a born psychopath, brooking no other reality but his own. He stares a hole through Tony who gives way to his intensity, going into a slow angry burn at himself, putting the sedan in gear and going after Matos, muttering to himself.

TONY
...aw fuck this, this fuckin'
asshole!

Chi-Chi, in the back, looks on worried. (X

198 NEW YORK STREETS - DAY - FOLLOWING MATOS' SEDAN 19

through Manahattan, towards the UN.

The Shadow making the final adjustments on his decoder. He now sticks a key in it. A red light pulses at intervals.

Tony, driving, glances, the tension building in him, he does another giant snort.

Matos' sedan, swerving out into traffic to pass a car, has a near collision with an insane bus driver and has to brake suddenly, angling into a deep pothole, shaking the car and honking angrily after the bus.

The Shadow goes nuts, peering over the dashboard to see if the bomb came loose.

SHADOW
(to himself,
Spanish)
Madre de dios, my bomb! -- don't you
fuckin' fall, my little baby!

Perspiration starting to break out on his forehead.

Tony also feels the sweat coming on.

TONY
(muttering)
...this is fuckin' crazy, man, this
is sloppy doing it this way, you
don't do it like this....

He honks furiously at a cab that tries to cut him off.

199 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 199

Tony, intense at the wheel, sneezing, his nose running.

SHADOW
(equally tense, in Spanish)
You're losing them! There! That street, they go that street!

TONY
I see 'im! I see 'im!

SHADOW
(Spanish)
Thirty metres! Thirty metres! Go! Go!

TONY
Shut the fuck up!

Honking like a madman and accelerating past a truck....

TONY
...what am I doing? What the fuck am I doing here?...

200 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY 200

Mato's sedan pulling off at 47th and Second Avenue heading for the United Nations building which now appears at the end of the street.

201 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 20:

SHADOW
(Spanish)
Okay, now...now. Right here. Easy. Easy!

The decoder.

Tony snorts.

TONY
(muttering)
..Aw fuck you, you fuckin' vulture....

The Shadow in stark profile.

His finger depresses the first key of the decoder.

202 UNDER MATOS' CAR - DAY 20:

The bomb -- pulsing red light.

203 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY 203

The Gutierrez sedan pulls off the sidestreet into the thick of First Avenue traffic -- approaching the striking facade of the United Nations. (X)

204 INT. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 204

The Shadow is in a full sweat.

SHADOW
(Spanish)
...okay, okay, nice 'n' easy...at the corner... when he pulls up at the corner.

His finger hovering around the second key of the decoder.

Chi-Chi in the back, leaning forward across the seat. (X)

TONY
(muttering)
Two kids in the car, Jesus Christ!

205 UNDER GUTIERREZ' CAR - DAY 205
(X

The bomb -- jarred by -a bump, pulsing red light.

206 THROUGH TONY'S WINDSHIELD - DAY 206

Gutierrez' sedan inches its way out of the traffic and eases along the curb. (X

207 INT.. TONY'S SEDAN - DAY 20'

Tony honking his way through traffic after them, building to a climax with himself.

TONY
(muttering)
...bunch of fuckin' vultures. You don't have the guts to look 'im in the eye when you kill him, you gotta hide, you fuckin' vulture.

Honk, honk.

SHADOW
Shut up!

CHI-CHI
(suddenly panicked)
He's gonna get out! Hurry up, hurry the fuck up!

207 CONTINUED 20'

TONY
(ignoring all the commotion)
...makes you feel good, hunh? Killing the wife and the kids. Big man. Well fuck you! What do you think I am? You think I'd kill two kids and a woman. Well fuck that! I don't need that shit in my life.

His face twisted in agony, he reaches down and snaps his Baretta free from his ankle holster. He swings it around sharply, levelling it on the Shadow.

TONY
You die, motherfucker!

The Shadow glances over at Tony, astonished. Tony pumps two shots point-blank into him, blowing his face off and smashing him against the door of the moving sedan, blood and brains splattering the windows and the seat covers.

CHI-CHI
Oh Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ! What the....

Tony swerving the sedan back across the Avenue, the traffic around them honking and moving along at its normal pace as the Shadow's body slumps down out of sight, another Monday morning traffic accident with blood and brains splattered up against a passenger window and nobody really sees... except a six-year-old girl in an adjacent vehicle; she wonders momentarily, then dismisses it.

TONY
(continuing to mutter)
...so what'd you think I was, hunh? A fucking worm like you! I told you don't fuck with me! I told you no kids! You shoulda listened to me you stupid fuck!

CUT TO

208 OMITTED 2c
(X

209 EXT. JFK AIRPORT - THAT NIGHT 205

Planes roaring.

210 INT. JFK AIRPORT 21c

Chi-Chi waiting in a busy lounge covering Tony on the phone; Tony's still wearing the same clothes with patches of blood on them.

TONY
Ernie? Where the fuck you been?

ERNIE'S VOICE
I had a delivery. Tony, everything go okay, whatsa ---

TONY
Puck no? Where the hell's Manny? I been calling all over.

ERNIE'S VOICE.
I don't know, Tony. He's been gone last couple of days. Didn't say nothing.

TONY
What! Where! I left that sunufabitch in charge! What the hell is going on here, can't I trust anybody anymore.

ERNIE'S VOICE
I don't know, Tony, he just took off, y'know, he didn't say nothing... you all right?

TONY
No, I'm not all right. I'm pissed off! And when I get there I'm gonna kick some ass all over the fuckin' place!

ERNIE'S VOICE
When you coming back, Tony?

TONY
Tonight!
(repeating to himself)
Where the hell is that cocksucker? I can't trust nobody no more. You think just 'cause I'm a nice guy....

ERNIE'S VOICE
Uh, Tony, your mama called. Gina's , gone. She got to see you right away.

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED 210

TONY
Gina's gone? Where! Oh fuck!..Tell her I'll be there tonight. Okay?

ERNIE'S VOICE
Right.

TONY
(about to hang up, pauses)
uh -- how 'bout Elvie -- did she call?

ERNIE'S VOICE
(a beat)
No.

TONY
Yeah, okay, okay...listen if she calls, tell her I love her, okay?

ERNIE'S VOICE
Yeah, okay Tony.

Tony hangs up. A moment of despair. Then he snorts another spoon and snaps back.

CUT TO

211 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 211

Plane taking off.

CUT TO

212 EXT. TONY'S MANSION - THAT NIGHT 212

Tony drives up in a white Corniche (the red Jaguar having been shot to shreds earlier in Lopez's attempt on Tony's life) with Chi-Chi, jumps out in the same bloodstained clothes, rushes in.

213 INT. TONY'S MANSION - NIGHT 213

Ernie meets them at the door.

TONY
Hear from Manny?

ERNIE
No Tony. Your mama called again. She gotta see you. And Sosa's been ringing every half-hour on the eleven line. Tony, he sounds pissed, he....

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED 213

TONY
Yeah, yeah, yeah...Chi-Chi, get him on the line. In the office.

Chi-Chi goes.

TONY
What about Elvie -- anything?

Ernie shakes his head.

TONY
You keep trying Manny. I need that cocksucker, you hear, I need him here! Okay?

ERNIE
Right, Tony.

Tony stalks off, towards his office.

214 INT. TONY'S OFFICE 214

Amid his computer space games and half-dozen televisions and stereos, Tony picks up the ringing phone.

TONY
Yeah? Hi. Mami.

The other phone is ringing. Her voice on the phone sounds hysterical and angry. Not really listening, Tony breaks open a new vial, pours the entire vial of coke out across the desk into a thick quarter-moon pattern. He snorts. Chi-Chi signals he's got Sosa on the other line.

TONY
(into the phone)
Yeah, all right. I hear you. No problem, okay. I'll be there!

He hangs up, snorts, then pushes the button Chi-Chi indicates. The telephone should be the latest in gimmickry.

TONY
... so whaddaya say Alex?

Pause. The voice at the other end is very controlled, very cold.

SOSA'S VOICE
So what happened Tony?

CONTINUED

214 CONTINUED 214

TONY
(casual)
Oh we had some problems.

SOSA'S VOICE
Yeah I'heard.

TONY
How'd you hear?

SOSA'S VOICE
'Cause our friend gave a speech today at the UN. He wasn't supposed to give that speech.

TONY
(shrugs)
Yeah, well, your guy Alberto was a piece of shit, he didn't do what I said so I cancelled his fuckin' contract.

Pause at the other end.

SOSA'S VOICE
...My partners and I are pissed off.

TONY
Hey Alex, no big deal. There' s plenty other 'Albertos'. so I'll deliver the goods next month.

SOSA'S VOICE
(suddenly angry and letting Tony know)
No! We can't do that. They found what was under the car, Tony. And our friend's got security now up the ass. And the heat's coming down hard on me and my partners. There's not gonna be a next time. You blew it, you fuckin' dumb cocksucker!

TONY
Hey, you don't talk to me like that! Who do you ---

SOSA'S VOICE
(simultaneous)
I told you a long time ago, you little fuckin' monkey, not to fuck me and....

Tony holding the mouthpiece away from his ear and talking at it like it was a face.

CONTINUED

214 CONTINUED 214

TONY
Who the fuck you think you're talkin' to, hunh! Whatta you think I am? Your fuckin' slave! You don't tell me what to do, Sosa. You're shit! You want a war, you got it?

Slams the phone down.

TONY
The fucking nerve of that guy!

In the cavernous silence of the *room,* he listlessly turns to another line of coke. (X)

CUT TO (X)

215 EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT 215

Tony in the backseat in his white Corniche staring straight ahead. Ernie driving, Chi-Chi with him.

216 EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - SOUTHWEST MIAMI - NIGHT 216

The bulletproof white Corniche pulls up, Ernie and Chi-Chi getting out first, checking the street, Tony following quickly.

TONY
(to Chi-Chi)
You try Manny again. Gimme five minutes.

He hurries towards the house.

217 INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 21:

Mama is angry and ravaged with worry, made weaker than previously, as if overhelmed by events.

MAMA
...she got a place of her own, she don't tell me where. One day I follow her in a taxi. She goes into this fancy house in Coconut Grove.

TONY
The Grove? Where'd she get that kinda money?

MAMA
You ! You were giving her the money, what do you think -- don't you see what you do to her, don't you....

TONY
I never gave her that kinda money. (X)

MAMA
Yes, you did! One time one. thousand. (X)
dollars you gave her!...

TONY (X)
Mama, was there a guy with hex?

MAMA (X)
I don't know, there was this other car in the driveway. I know if I went in there, she'd kill me, she's like you, she....

Tony's face filling with the old wrath, he grips his mother by the shoulders.

TONY
Where's this house, tell me!

MAMA
Four hundred something. Citrus Drive. Four hundred nine. You gotta talk to her Tony, she don't listen to me anymore. She says to me 'Shut up! Mind your own business.' Exactly like you do to me. Ever (X)
since you come back, she's been getting this way.

He turns to leave but she clings to his arm.

--

CONTINUED

217 CONTINUED

21:

MAMA
Don't you see what you do to her? Don't you see? Why do you have to hurt everything you touch, why do you....

TONY
(shakes himself loose, turns on her)
No! You know why she left, Mama? Not 'cause of me. 'Cause of you

MAMA
Me?

TONY
Yeah, it's you drove her nuts with your nagging and bitchin'.

MAMA
(interrupting)
Nagging and bitchin'? I only demand a little respect and dignity in this house, is that why I am nagging and bitchin'?

TONY
(continuing)
...and you did the same thing to me. I wasn't this, I wasn't that -- never good enough for you. I never felt nothing from you, Mama -- nothing!

MAMA
(interrupting)
...because I was putting food on the table, because I suffered for both *of you....*

TONY
First time I ever needed you, where were you?. . .

MAMA
Where was I?

TONY
...when I was in that Army jail in Cuba, rotting my ass off, not once. I hadda come out into the fuckin' streets to find out my mother and my sister are gone from my house, they left the country not one word, one letter, that's right.Where were you?

CONTINUED

217 CONTINUED - 2 217

MAMA
(interrupting)
You !..sin verguenza. From the time you were five, you gave me heartbreak and humiliation and shame.... (X)

TONY
That's right! That's right. What did you expect!,.,

MAMA
(interrupting)
...that's what you brought into this house. If I were to listen to you, you would convert my house into your gangster headquarters....

TONY
...What do you expect now? To be loved? You got no love *in* you, Mama. What *do* you think Papi left for? And Gina? At least I didn't walk around with my head hanging down between my legs my whole fuckin' life. Like Papi -- like the way you made Papi feel. I made something outta my life. I'm somebody and I'm proud *of* it. (X)

MAMA
(interrupting)
Somebody? You're proud? You're a nothing. You're an animal! (Escoria!) (X)

Tony storms out *of* the door as Mama pursues.

MAMA
God help me, what have I done to you? You were a beautiful baby. I used to watch you sleep. So beautiful. How? How, Dios Santo, did you become such a monster, such an ugly little monster.... (X)

As Tony slams the door, we hold a beat on her face -- as if she had finally answered her own questions.

218 *EXT.* MOTHER'S HOUSE 218

Tony stomps into his white Corniche, Ernie discreetly closing the door and getting in with Chi-Chi as Mama rips open her door in b.g. and stands there staring from the doorway -- weeping and staring across the dark. Tony takes a strong hit of coke. The car whistles off.

CUT TO

219 EXT. HOUSE - COCONUT GROVE - THAT NIGHT 21'

Tony in the backseat of the Corniche with Chi-Chi studies the house from across the curb. It's quiet, rich, suburban, not calling attention to itself.

CONTINUED

219 CONTINUED 21

Tony, seething, snorts another line of coke laid out on the crystal bar dividing the backseat, and rewed, goes.

TONY
(to Chi-Chi)
Wait here.

He approaches the front door, listening, the hand sliding into his pocket. Inside a wistful Billy Joel song plays over the stereo. He rings a buzzer, waits.

Hold the pause. The door opens casually. Standing there is Manny -- with a towel around his waist.

MANNY
(surprised)
Tony?

Tony stares, stunned.

Gina now comes into view behind Manny -- in a bathrobe, a big smile of welcome for her brother.

GINA
Tony!
(eyes suddenly moving downward in alarm)

Tony with his Baretta pointed at Manny, his expression filled with loathing.

Manny smiles easily and shrugs, the gesture drawing Tony over the edge.

MANNY
Hey Tony, c'mon we was....

The gun fires.

GINA
Tony! No!

Tony fires a second time.

Manny slowly slumps downward against the doorjamb, eyes on Tony, terribly surprised.

Tony holds the gun, staring down, separated from himself.

Manny lies at his feet, dead.

CONTINUED

219 **CONTINUED - 2** 2:

GINA
Manny!

She goes down to her knees, stunned out of her mind, shakes him.

GINA
Manny!

She looks up, insanely, at Tony, her eyes huge with disbelief.

GINA
You killed him?

Shaking her head at him incredulously.

GINA
We got married just yesterday. We were gonna surprise you.

Tony stands there, doubly stunned by the news.

GINA
Manolo, oh Manolo, what'd he do?.. What'd he do?

She hugs his corpse tightly to her breast and makes horrible strangled sounds with her throat.

Chi-Chi hurrying up to Tony, worried somebody's *seen the* shooting. Ernie follows.

CHI-CHI
Tony, come on. We gotta get out of here.
(to Gina)
Come on baby...Gina!

Suddenly she goes berserk.

GINA
Noooooooooooo!

And shoving Chi-Chi aside, launches herself on Tony, screaming incoherently like a madwoman, trying to kill him. She beats him around the head, the chest, scratches furrows of flesh from his face. He stands there, oblivious, numbed.

Chi-Chi and Ernie have a demon on their hands. They manage at last to yank her off Tony, kicking and continuing to scream.

220 EXT. NANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 22

Lights coming on in the houses around the neighborhood.

Chi-Chi and Ernie, desperate now, drag her forcefully along the pavement into the Corniche. She continues to scream.

ERNIE
(to Chi-Chi)
Get the body!

Tony, back at the door, looks down again.

The eyes of Manolo staring sightlessly.

Chi-Chi runs back, grabs Tony.

CHI-MI
Tony!

Pulls him. Tony snaps out of it.

TONY
Yeah!

He goes. Chi-Chi lifting Nanny's body, hauling it.

Tony getting into the Corniche, Ernie pinning Gina against the front seat. Chi-Chi propping Manny into the driver's seat with him. The car roars away.

The camera closing on Gina as she looks through the glass partition of the Corniche, at the slumped head of Manny in f.g., the music surging unexorably.

GINA'
Manny!..Manny! No!

CUT TO

221 MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT 22:

The white Corniche whistles by like a hearse heading for hell.

222 EXT. TONY'S MANSION GROUNDS - THAT NIGHT 22:

It goes roaring by the front gate and up the driveway, gravel flying.

The camera curving to reveal two sedans inching up the shadowed street, towards us, their lights out. The cars stop. Eight men emerge silently, blending into the shadows. of the trees.

223 **INT. TONY'S MANSION - NIGHT** 22

Tony, scratches across his face, strides through the front door into the marble foyer. Another Marielito is waiting for them at the door. (X

Ernie and Chi-Chi are almost carrying Gina, who is numb with shock.

CHI-CHI
What do we do with her Tony?

TONY
Do what? Where? Put her upstairs. Put her in my bedroom.
(to Gina)
It'll be all right, pussycat, you'll see everything'll be okay, I'll take care of you....

She looks up at him through her stupor and spits in his face. Chi-Chi and Ernie pull her away -- as Tony stares, upset but passive. They trundle her up the stairs. Tony turns and walks away. (X)

224 **INT. TONY'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 224

Tony slumps on -his couch. A haze of coke rises off the velvet like a snow scene painting on a Christmas card. Oblivious to the dust, he cuts open a fresh plastic kilo 'bag of coke and spreads the entire pound out across the black marble coffee table.

Ernie and Chi-Chi come in. (X)

CHI-CHI (X)
We got some pills into her, she's cooling down.

Tony pays no attention, Ernie and Chi-Chi noticing the pile of coke. (X)

Flashing his silver tooter, Tony snorts a truly giant amount in a large pendular swing of his elbow across the length of coffee table.

Pause as he lets it sink in.

CHI-CHI
(worried)
Boss, what we gonna do now?

TONY
Do? We're gonna war that's what we gonna do. We gonna eat Sosa for breakfast. We're gonna close that fucker down.

CONTINUED

224 CONTINUED 224

Ernie and Chi-Chi sharing a look. (X)

CHI-CHI (X)
(eyeing the coke)
Hey Tony, why don't you go easy on that stuff, hunh?

Tony looks up at him, focuses. The eyes are uncompromising.

Ernie, a little scared of him now, turns away. Chi-Chi follows. (X)

Tony starts on another trek along the coffee table.

CUT TO

225 EXT. TONY'S MANSION GROUNDS - LATER THAT NIGHT 225

The Bengal tiger paces his spot, restless.

A monsoon-like wind blows through the trees on the estate.

The monkeys listen quietly.

The f lamingoes flutter.

...Then there's a burst of loud music from the stereo speakers on the balcony -- a Billy Joel song, something smooth and easy about the high times and how fast they go...

...and we see Tony, in long shot, throw open the terrace doors and stagger out onto the balcony, overlooking his estate.

..On a closer angle, we track him to the edge of the balustrade. He's done so much coke now he's practically catatonic; staggering and muttering to himself.

TONY
(insensate)
...Jesus fuckin' Christ whatsa matter with me, get a hold of y'self now these cocksuckers gonna run over you let 'em try I bury the cocksuckers....

His point of view -- panning his estate. The dark emptiness echoes back at him. The wind rustling the treetops. Tony shaking his head at himself, He starts to cry.

CONTINUED

225 CONTINUED 22

TONY
...Ooooh fuck Manny, how the fuck did I do that? How the fuck!..oh Manny, Manny...you were there for me, you were the one, Manny, you understood, always understood... well what the hell happened, hunh? What the hell happened to us?...

In far b.g. now, behind Tony, on the video monitors in his office we see:

The main gate and guard shack -- a Marielito crosses into view, checks the gate, turns. Suddenly two figures spring out at him. One of them garrotting the Marielito. He struggles. (X

Another monitor now reveals two more figures moving into the interior of the guard shack. They knife the other Marielito

A third monitor. carries another image of shadows moving through the trees on the estate.

On the balcony, Tony is oblivious to it all, spent, almost incoherent.

TONY
...I said to you, Manny, I said I never go crazy and you said, I would you sonofabitch and you was right... those were the good days hunh, we was crazy back in those days, we'd do anything, you and me, we was on the way up, nobody nothing coulda stopped us cause we were the best hunh -- the fucking best....

As Tony turns and starts back through the terrace doors into his study, the camera glides around to a view of a hook flying up and catching the balustrade. A shadow starts climbing up as:

TONY
...we still are Manny, we still are -- see, I'm gonna wipe out all them fuckers out there, I'm gonna run the market, I'm gonna be King Cocaine you hear me, you buy you buy from me -- Tony Montana. Covers of all the magazines. Fan mail. Television stars, movie stars, shooting stars -- he's a star....

226 INT. TONY'S MANSION - OFFICE 226

As he crosses into his office, the camera moves to reveal Gina standing there half-dressed in the doorway, her eyes blazing with hatred.

Tony sees her.

She steps forward, offering her body almost naked to her brother.

GINA
Is this what you want Tony?...

Tony shocked.

GINA
You can't stand another man touching me. So you want me Tony, is that it? Well here I am ---

She fires the Baretta we now see in her hand.

The bullet grazes Tony in the leg, snapping him from his catatonia as he goes reeling across the floor behind his desk. She fires again. Again.

GINA
I'm all yours Tony, I'm all yours now.

Bullets ripping into the desk. She advances, offering her sex, methodically shooting out the clip at rhythmic intervals.

GINA
Come and get me Tony. Before it's too late.

He spins across the run away from the desk, trying to put distance between them. She sees him scurrying,. turns, an expression like a demented angel.

GINA
Come on Tony, fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!

Advancing on him, firing. The furniture tearing up, the chair spilling, television sets and computer toys shattering, Tony squirming away, hit again in the thigh, shocked, scrambling over to the terrace windows. Her next shot shatters the window and as Tony ducks again to the side, we see outside onto the terrace behind him:

CONTINUED

226 CONTINUED 22

A young Columbian punk no more than twenty -- one of the hitters -- is crouched there, reacting to the broken window. He doesn't hesitate, turning his machine gun *on* Gina.

Gina is torn to pieces by the firepower -- blown across the room, spine severed and dead before she hits the floor.

Tony sees it, yells something, in the same instant swivels to knock the barrel of the machine gun aside. The punk is taken by surprise, not having seen Tony, and Tony now runs him backwards across the balcony and hurls him over the balustrade.

The punk lands in one of the shallow pools on the grounds at the base of the balcony.

Tony, from above, grabs up the punk's machine gun and empties the whole clip into the figure thrashing in the pool below.

Ernie runs into view on the far side of the pool, spots Tony, yells up --- (X

ERNIE (X
Tony, they're everywhere! Get outta here!

Ernie suddenly wheels, hit in the face, by a burst of silencer bullets. (X

We catch a brief glimpse of Sosa's black aide, the Skull, moving quickly along the wall of the house -- directly underneath the balcony on which Tony stands.

Tony, tossing the empty machine gun aside, wildly runs back into his office to get more guns, crosses to Gina corpse. It takes him by surprise. He comes to a dead stop, kneels, looking questioningly in her face.

TONY
(gently)
Hey Gina come on, you still angry at me? I didn't mean to kill Manny, I was.. .I was.

Running his hands along her face, trying to rouse her, gently lifting her eyelids. Blood's running out of her mouth in rivers.

CONTINUED

226 CONTINUED - 2 Rev. 12/21/82

226
(X)

TONY
Come on Gina, get off the floor. You're all dirty now, you need a bath.. .Mami's gonna be angry baby -- ooh is she gonna be mad at me!.. Come on open your eyes my baby, open your eyes...give me a smile.

There's been a steady pounding and calling now on the door of the office. Tony finally hears it, looks up, then over at the monitors. (X)

One of them reveals Chi-Chi standing there outside the door pounding it.

CHI-CHI
Boss ! Hey boss. Open up!

On the monitor we see Chi-Chi suddenly spin and open fire down into the foyer. Return fire decimates him. A grenade goes off, blows him up against the door.

TONY
Cheeee!

He now seems to come out of his catatonia, runs to his sideboard, hauls out a rocket shoulder-fired rocket launcher and straps an Uzi across his shoulder. He looks up at the monitor.

On the monitors, the hitters are now darting across the foyer and coming up the left and right hand stairs.

Three of them are already huddled outside the door, around the corpse of Chi-Chi, motioning to-each other, laying a grenade at the base of the door to blow it out.

Tony loading his rocket, ihtends to beat them to the punch, talking to himself.

TONY
So you wanna play hunh, say hello to my little friend here. (X)

Karroooomph!

The rocket tears down the door and blows the Columbian punks off the landing into the foyer. It sounds like Armageddon, one of the hitters screaming, smoke billowing wildly.

Tony, at the height of his mad glory, steps out at the apex of the stairs, firing his machine gun and yelling.

CONTINUED

226 CONTINUED - 3 226

TONY
Whores! Cowards! You think you can kill me with lousy bullets hunh? (X)

He fires now. Left. Right.

A hitter tumbles down the left-hand stair.

CONTINUED

226 CONTINUED - 3 22

Another hitter tumbles down the right-hand stair.

TONY
Who you think I am? I kill all you fuckin' assholes. I take you all to fuckin' hell!

Left. Right

Another hitter drops, screaming, off the stairs into the pool below.

A grenade goes **off.** Tony is hit again, but keeps on firing away. Laughing like a madman.

TONY
You need an army you hear! An army to kill me!

Behind him we see the remainder of the pound of cocaine go up in a burst of **wind,** whipping around the office in auras **of white.** It is a ghostly effect out of which now appears the face of the Skull moving from the terrace towards Tony's back with a sawed-off shotgun.

TONY
Ha ha ha ha ha! You whores, you scum, I piss in your faces !!!! Ha ha ha ha ha!!

The Skull, **now inches from Tony's** back, pulls the trigger and blows Tony's spine out his belly.

Tony crashes forward over the bannister into the interior swimming pool below.

He floats quietly face down in the lit blue waters.

As the titles begin their crawl up, the music theme is expressive salsa with a dash of gaiety.

The camera moving off Tony to catch the reflection of the lit sculpture on the surface of the still waters. It says:

"THE WORLD IS YOURS"

And so, for the brief moment, it was.

CONTINUED

226 CONTINUED - 4 226

Our camera now distancing itself from the **body in the pool,** panning past the dream villa, past the shambles and the wealth, past the hitters **pillaging and looting and drawing that obscene word "Chivato" in blood on the outside walls,** past the stacks of cash blowing across the floor like leaves in autumn, with the looters running after it across the busted door with the tropic wind blowing down Coconut Grove -- to the Miami skyline across Biscayne Bay

THE END